

The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August, 1851, the Rev. J. W. Douglas being its editor and proprietor. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now published by S. S. Smith and John Kimball, committee of the Board of Trustees appointed by the General Association of California Oregon and Washington Territory. The Trustees for 1880-81 are: S. S. Smith, A. P. Flint, W. M. Seary, I. P. Rankin, S. Foster, A. Chapin, John Kimball, E. O. Tade and P. S. Knight.

The Pacific.

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Concerning the Difficulties in the Way of Commencing the Pacific.

BY REV. S. H. WILLEY, D. D.

Hand ignota loquor.

I am asked to recall the difficulties in the way of starting THE PACIFIC. Now that they have been so long since overcome, it is no unpleasant thing to do.

THE PACIFIC was started to live, and not merely to make an experiment of life.

It was designed to try and shape public opinion, not to reflect it, and exactly in that consisted its greatest uncertainty.

The paper must reprove peoples' vices, protest against many of their habits and challenge the correctness of their principles.

Would enough be found of its way of thinking to support it? That was the question.

There were crowds of people in the mines, a hundred thousand at least, but they were strangers from every quarter, and continually moving. There were about twenty thousand in this city, and only a few elsewhere in the country, and none anywhere counted themselves settled.

Could a religious paper find a support in such a population?

There was no known constituency of church membership to depend upon. There were doubtless a few thousand professors of religion in the State, but they were unknown among the mass of strangers.

There were perhaps twenty Protestant ministers then in the State, but they were far apart and had not yet become acquainted with each other.

Only half a dozen of us were so grouped and related that we could join in such an enterprise as that of starting THE PACIFIC.

And yet the cause of truth and righteousness seemed to require an immediate resort to the power of the press. Necessity seemed to be laid upon us to seek to create a right public sentiment by means of the press. But, as we approached the question practically, the first difficulty met with was to find one of our number who would leave his ministerial field and lead the forlorn hope. About this there was talk and correspondence for a year. At last the first editor consented to undertake the work.

Next, the question of money confronted us.

Mr. Whitton, who first printed THE PACIFIC, says the first number cost \$426 and the succeeding weekly issues, as I well remember, cost over \$300 each. It was no easy task for so few to undertake to get together twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year through the circulation of such a paper, in such a population.

But, up to this time, and all the while we were planning the enterprise, the country was prosperous and money was easy.

When, however, we were nearly ready to begin, and had planned to meet all the difficulties we could foresee, the great May fire came down upon us, and laid the greater part of the city in ashes in a single night.

This was a set-back indeed. Printing offices, materials, paper, everything was swept away. All plans halted for awhile. Before long, however, as things began to rally, it was ascertained that Mr. Bonner, as Mr. Whitton says, had a small quantity of printing materials to arrive. Arrangements were forthwith made with him to print the first number. While he was getting in readiness to do it, the June fire broke out and consumed the greater part of that portion of the city left standing by the May fire. This was stunning! For a moment the difficulties in the way of our publishing THE PACIFIC seemed insuperable. The city was a scene of blackened ruins—disorder reigned. The vigilance committee was in pursuit of incendiaries and criminals. Property was exceedingly depressed. It was a time of much public discouragement. But the dependence of the plans for the support of THE PACIFIC was all the time more on the mines than on the city. And in the mines, at this time, things were very prosperous. In many localities work was richly paying—money was flush.

So, when the smoke of the last fire had cleared away, and we found our printing office with its materials was left, we decided to go ahead.

The first number of the paper was issued on August 1st, 1851.

The enterprise was now fairly before the public. We stood committed for its support.

It was very encouragingly received in nearly all quarters. But now came the difficulty of getting a circulation. The city and towns did hardly as well as was expected in making up subscription lists. The mines must be canvassed, and it must be ascertained what the people would do there.

It was a hard undertaking. There was only one mode of travel by which to do it, and that was on horseback.

But the editor was equal to the occasion. He mounted his horse and traveled from camp to camp, in the mines, month after month; and I may almost say, year after year. His work was multifarious. He was very successful in getting subscribers.

He remitted the money to the office. He wrote correspondence freely. He preached a great deal as he went, both on Sundays, and often on week evenings. Always kept the paper well informed, and in fresh sympathy with the living issues.

It made known to each other the friends of its sentiments all over the State, and so did much toward organizing and developing such a public sentiment as it desired to form.

The visits of the editor did a great deal toward accomplishing the same thing. Indeed, the amount of frontier missionary work done by the editors of THE PACIFIC since it was established has been very great. It has been one of the most fruitful incidental advantages, resulting from the publication of the paper.

Finally, it is easy to believe that few, if any religious papers have ever been commenced in the face of so many difficulties as confronted THE PACIFIC in its beginning, and certainly, few indeed, can look back on their work at the end of thirty years, and see more of the issues they have contended for, recorded on the winning side.

Standing face to face with such difficulties as I have described, and under such a sense of necessity as I have alluded to, THE PACIFIC committed itself in its first editorial to "the good providence of God, and the good will of the churches, and people."

Standing now at the end of this period of years, it can truly say that "the good providence of God" has never failed it, even in the darkest days; nor has it failed to receive in very large measure even to this time, "the good will of the churches and people."

Its Origin and Need.

BY REV. J. H. WARREN, D. D.

Its origin, when, by whom?—Thirty years ago this very week of August, THE PACIFIC first saw the light. Is it possible? So long ago as that? Let us see. August 1, 1851, to August 3, 1881. Yes, a round thirty years and a day or two to spare. California was young then and—and "fast." Not more than five years before that, it was considered good chiefly for "hides and tallow." Now it was gold—all gold, the pure gold and plenty of it. What more and better could be asked of any country under the sun? Therefore California was of all others, the country. In '49 and '50—another therefore—gold hunters came by thousands and tens of thousands; they came, most of them, with an outfit to last just two years. The man who couldn't get his bags and barrels of gold dust in two years ought to be poor, forever poor. There could be no thought or time for anything else but gold; certainly not for churches, Bibles, Sundays, last of all, a religious newspaper. Only that which could bring in gold was worth any attention.

There was no coin to the gold hunter in Bibles, holy Sabbaths, churches, etc., but there were fortunes in the placers, rivers, mountains, saloons, teams, pack-trains, stores, commission business, steamboats, etc., etc., and the cut-across-lots to them was the best way. The population in August '51 was about 200,000 (?); the number of Protestant churches only thirty-one. Not one South of Santa Cruz, not one north of Nevada City, in all this great State. These churches represented a membership of less than 1,500, and were divided as follows: Congregational 4; New School Presbyterian 3; Old School Presbyterian 3; Methodist in all their branches 15; Baptist 4; Episcopalian 2. If all these had belonged to one denomination, what a pitiful constituency—numerically considered—for a religious newspaper to fall back upon. What an outlook for success, or rather, what a sure prospect for a short lived enterprise. Yet that was the time in the rush for gold, in the rush away from God, that THE PACIFIC had its origin. Perhaps if its friends had known what they had to know two or three years later, there might have been no PACIFIC to-day. Who were these friends, for with whom did this pioneer religious paper—first of its kind in the field—have its origin?

Eight ministers and seven churches. Let us count. There were Douglas, Willey, Brayton, Brier, Benton, Hunt, Hinds, and Warren, four Congregational Churches of San Francisco, Sacramento, Nevada City, and Santa Cruz; three New School Presbyterian Churches, of San Francisco, San Jose, and Marysville—with the good will, more or less, of the Old School Presbyterian and Baptist brethren. The membership of the seven churches registered a good deal less than three hundred, and if the truth were known, not one in ten of them all expected to remain in California over their two years' "leave of absence" from home.

Was it faith or audacity that inspired those men and their churches, under the circumstances, to attempt the publication of a weekly religious newspaper? The children of this world in their generation of shrewdness, and foresight would have at least asked, "Will it pay?" and cross-questioned about capital, cost, demand for the article, etc. These important questions were not lost sight of by the movers of THE PACIFIC. As to demand, there was none, but then, once started it might

create its own demand. Cost—it was appalling to think of it. It would be so expensive to print it that the subscription price would have to be \$8.00 per annum, or \$5.00 for six months. Capital, nil; and yet those men did not rest till they came to the conclusion that a religious paper must be published and supported; that there was a need of it.

Five of the eight men were Home Missionaries. Rev. J. W. Douglas, who headed the paper as proprietor, held, with another of the five, the first commission issued by the A. H. M. S. for California. In many ways, directly and indirectly, we find ourselves indebted to that Society for things good and great. Fully convinced of

The need of such a paper, it was next in order with the courage and self-forgetfulness of a great faith, that the enterprise be lifted and brought into the life and place. It was done. The burden rested mostly and mightily on the brethren at the centers,—Douglas, Willey, Hunt, Benton. All are living to-day. THE PACIFIC gave its reasons for being, in few words. Printers' ink was money then.

"The organ of no sect or party, started with no purpose of gain, it is pledged to the great interest of religion and education." That was all, but it was reason enough. The fact that it has existed till now—for thirty years—is strongest proof that there was need of it.

There was need of it to advocate—

1. The observance of the Sabbath.
2. The open Bible in our common schools.
3. The full sweep of the temperance cause.
4. The striking down of Law and Order corruption, legalized injustice and crimes which threaten the overthrow of society.
5. The exposure and denunciation of the division of the State in behalf of slavery.
6. Strict watch of the public school fund.
7. Founding the college from which was born the great University.
8. Building up of the Theological Seminary and Golden Gate Academy.
9. Loyalty to the Government of the United States through thick and thin.

This it has done, in the stress of good and evil report, of financial embarrassment, and how often when friends were few. Its record is the story of its devotion, of how well it has met the many issues of its times, for which its founders believed it was needed. So we say—Its origin—in Christian faith. Its need—the contending for that faith. And perhaps, so long as there shall be such a faith to contend for, there will be a need of THE PACIFIC.

Early Reminiscences.

BY REV. S. V. BLAKESLEE.

EDITORS OF "THE PACIFIC": You ask me early reminiscences of the old PACIFIC, for its thirtieth anniversary of existence. This stirs up a whole tide of recollections of circumstances, events, thoughts, feelings, consultations and trial efforts of California pioneer days, which quires of paper could only in part attempt to narrate. The effort is that of depicting with a few ounces of earth the mountain's bulk; with a few grains of sand, the ocean's beach. A few reminiscences you ask, reminiscences of the noble, old, sterling PACIFIC, the first exclusively weekly paper yet alive on the coast; one of consistent, Christian principle from the start, outspoken on every subject of education, morality, religion, social good order and real political purity, while also of no small influence in promoting the great financial interests of the country. I must of necessity speak of myself in connection with it.

On arriving in the state from over the plains in August, '49, I at once made inquiry as to needs and opportunities for good on the coast, and I remember some reference to the want of a Christian newspaper. During the winter, engaged in my chosen work of teaching a High School in San Jose, I heard more, occasionally, said upon the subject, while in the spring and summer a printed sheet or two, as prospecting trials, were issued in San Francisco, but nothing more was done. In the fall I went East to fulfill engagements common to all youths, and there the second year a PACIFIC was now and then sent me, and I knew action had been taken in the case. On returning I found the paper in full operation, and the brethren told me of their earnest consultations together, till finally Rev. John W. Douglas had consented to undertake the publication of such a paper on his own responsibility, encouraged by promises of editorial work by others. But it was all a very difficult undertaking, and by no efforts put forth could it meet the necessary money expenses, and often friends came nobly to its relief with solid coin. There was a necessity for such a Christian paper to live, and they were determined it should. At length, in the Spring of '55, Mr. Douglas was resolved to go East, and Rev. Isaac H. Brayton engaged to take his place on the paper. But soon it appeared certain that the paper must fail for means as things then were, and here my direct connection with it began.

One evening Mr. Brayton called and held with myself and wife a long consultation on the importance of such a Christian paper as THE PACIFIC, and on the peculiar difficulties and necessary work in carrying it on. Then he urged that I unite with him, and we, as equal editors, carry on the paper, I to travel as editor-at-large through the country and extend its circulation, while he remained and did all work in the office. I need not mention how unpleasant such a course seemed to my most excellent companion, and what changes in my plans this involved. But duty seemed more and more clear. In three days the General Association of Congregational churches and Presbyterian synod met in Sacramento, and there jointly voted unanimously that I unite with Mr. Brayton in the management of THE PACIFIC as had been proposed. The voice of the Church seemed as the voice of God, and so at once I addressed myself to the new calling. In four days I left for the mountains, going on with the paper for near twenty-four years, bating some three I rested, teaching an academy at Folsom.

Such is a simple history, in short, of my connection with this noble, Christian, pioneer weekly. Now, how, can I select from the thousands of incidents of my experience and intercourse with ministerial brethren, churches, friends and people in general in the mountains and in the valleys, and the whole region from San Diego on the south to through California, Oregon and Washington Territory to Victoria on the north, and through the state of Nevada on the east? I leave it all for what could be expected in imagination by the reader. The whole seems almost as a dream for variety and shortness of the time past; but as to THE PACIFIC, I rejoice in its life, and glory in the influence it has exerted and the work for good it has done. From the beginning it has watched the schemes of wicked conspirators, thwarting their plans and advancing the right. It was the first to denounce political tricksters, who, as slaveocrats, had carried through our house of Assembly a measure to restore the southern part of our state to a territory. All was going as easy as the flow of the tide till THE PACIFIC sounded the alarm as a plan for introducing slavery on soil made free in our state constitution. The dark designers raised a howl that the paper was mingling religion and politics; but the note of alarm had been struck; its echo came back all over our coast, and no farther effort of the kind was made. A Tom Paine anniversary was held, and its falsehoods and low ribaldry were reported in the then Chronicle. THE PACIFIC denounced it as it deserved, and in some six weeks the paper died; the editor, as it was reported, saying THE PACIFIC cost him the loss of three hundred subscribers in one week. From that time no other Tom Paine meeting was heard of for years. The famous Vigilance Committee was organized in most peculiar circumstances, and THE PACIFIC was the first publication on the coast to declare it right and necessary in the case.

In the great slave-holders' rebellion its tone was always clear for liberty, righteousness and the nation, at every cost. In early days, so direct was its voice in the condemnation of evil, as personified in a corrupt judge, that a mass of excited miners gathered with ropes for the hanging of its first editor. But, on the extemporized trial, so masterly was the defence of the accused and so grand his appeal to their better judgments, that with united shouts of applause the whole multitude proclaimed him right, and seemed ready to carry him in triumph on their shoulders. He only gave them his word to make no report of the affair in THE PACIFIC, and went on in his work. I have heard this story three different times from others, and now, in the death of most of the parties, I hesitate not to speak of the fact. Its early advocacy of the cause of temperance, the establishment of schools, the building of colleges and a University, and its active part in all great enterprises of moral and religious good are a record. They cannot be repeated. The whole coast has felt its influence in every good enterprise from its beginning. As long as the world shall last may it continue improving in every feature of worth, increased in circulation and sustained by an enlarging band of able contributors and true friends.

Yours truly, in behalf of the noble, old, sterling PACIFIC.

S. V. BLAKESLEE.

Lompoc, Cal., July 25, 1881.

First Impressions of "The Pacific."

BY STEPHEN S. SMITH.

It was a time of beginnings; a time of first things when THE PACIFIC first appeared. Not very long before this the American flag had been first hoisted by Commodore Sloat at Monterey. The treaty ceding California to the United States had been made a little over three years before; gold had been discovered about the same time. From the time of its recognition the State had not seen its first birthday. The city of San Francisco was a yearling. The first Protestant clergyman, Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, had not been here long enough to want a change, and the first meeting house in the city, if it had not been burned a few

weeks before, would have been as good as new.

The first school house in the state, which stood on the west side of Portsmouth Square, had been burned by the same fire.

The necessity of taking care of some children, whose parents had died on the voyage from Panama, led to the beginning of the Protestant Orphan Asylum.

The first wharf on Commercial street from the east side of Montgomery away out into the bay to where Davis street now is, was still further out than any other wharf.

The *Alla*, successor to the first newspapers, the *Star* and the *Californian*, was young and in its beginning.

The first fire company, the Howard No. 1, was young and strong and in earnest rivalry with the Sansone and Monumental companies. Not long before, the first iron had been melted and a casting made for the steamer *McKim*, which made Donahue's the first foundry in the State, though Hinkley's was at work soon after.

The young or middle-aged men from whom many of the streets of this city were named, could be seen at their places of business—Geary, Hyde, Leavenworth, O'Farrell, Ellis, Eddy, Turk, Bryant, McAllister, Brannan, Folsom and Howard. Also Larkin, Vallejo and Sutter, when they came to the city, and Larkin had hardly given up the right of Benicia to be the city of the bay.

The first officers of the State could be seen on the streets as the capital journeyed from San Jose to Vallejo and back again. One must be well versed in history to know how many capitals the state had in those early years.

When the first PACIFIC came out, I was located on the shore of the bay away over the sand hills in Happy Valley, where is now the intersection of First and Mission streets.

I was in the hurry and rush of business—was successful. It was the tingle and glow of a first full success—and had but little time to think of anything but the push and drive of what I had then in hand. I looked at THE PACIFIC and wondered who could have the time and patience just then to get up a religious newspaper of such size and interest, and the next thought was, Will it live? I strongly hoped it would, and then went to work at my own affairs.

Some men and things are here now that we used to see thirty years ago.

Our first worthy Governor, Burnett, is here. Tallant and Sather are left of the bankers. Dr. Willey, one of the first Home Missionaries, is in this city often from Benicia. Rev. Albert Williams who organized the first Presbyterian Church, and Rev. O. C. Wheeler, who organized the first Baptist Church, are here. The *California*, the first steamer that entered the harbor, is now running between Portland and Sitka.

So far as I remember, the *Alla* is the only newspaper dating back of August 1st, 1851.

It is cheering now to know that of the first things that abide, the first religious newspaper, *The Pacific*, still lives—that it is strong and healthy and vigorous, having a more tenacious hold on life than it ever had; that its field is constantly enlarging; that the paper representing the institutions planted by the first Protestant church organized in America, and the principles at the foundation of all free organization in church and State, has outlived the multitude of newspapers that have once existed here, and is now strongly rooted in the attachment and support of its friends, and that it has the full prospect of doing good service for the support of the work of our Lord, not neglecting to uphold the belief and principles of that first church in America which believed in obeying the command of our Lord: "Be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your master even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Salem and Sacramento; or, the East and the West.

BY REV. T. E. DWINKLE, D. D.

DEAR PACIFIC:—A letter is wanted from "Naumkeag," in honor of the 30th anniversary of THE PACIFIC. I congratulate you on this illustration of the survival of the fittest. These thirty years have been years of history-making on this coast; and in this THE PACIFIC has taken a prominent and useful part. I have been proud of its record and rejoice in its history and present prosperity. May the light of THE PACIFIC never wane. My first letter, as its correspondent, was dated Salem, Mass., April 7, 1852, and was signed from the old Indian name of that place, "Naumkeag." For several years my correspondence was frequent, and it has continued at irregular intervals ever since. As I look back over the period of this correspondence, and see it covering two such different fields of labor, I am led to reflect on the difference between them. The contrast is typical, and holds good substantially between the work in other parts of the East, and almost anywhere here in California. I venture to present some of the points of difference, as an easy way of showing at a glance the peculiarity of our California work contrasted with that in the old States.

I left Salem in June, 1863, but have

revisited it four times, and was there last October. So I have kept posted on the work there as well as here. The city is a fine old New England town, about the same size as Sacramento; a city of culture and refinement, and with a population nowhere surpassed for general moral and social worth. My church was a delight to a pastor's heart. The condition of my health compelled me to leave, and I came to Sacramento. My place in Salem was soon filled by Rev. E. S. Atwood, an able and brilliant preacher, highly beloved and honored in his church outside of it, through New England; and he still remains there. Since 1863 the population of Salem has increased about 25 per cent., that of Sacramento about 100 per cent. The pastor of Salem has seen no new lines of railroad reaching out from that city to all parts of the land, since 1863; the pastor in Sacramento has seen the first rail of the C. P. road laid, and the city become geographically the center of the grand railroad system of the State, extending through all its principal valleys and stretching in two different directions across the territories towards the Atlantic, and covering in all 2,663 miles. In 1863, the number of Congregational churches in Massachusetts was 494, now it is 526, an increase of .064 per cent.; in California, in 1863, the number was 19, now it is 85, an increase of 336.5 per cent. In Mass., in 1863, the number of Congregational ministers was 658, now 669, an increase of .016 per cent.; in California, the number in 1863 was 28, now 65, an increase of 132.14 per cent. In the Salem church, in 1863, there were 341 members, now 369, an increase of .008 per cent.; in Sacramento, in 1863, 83, now 233, an increase of 180.7 per cent., while 90 more have taken letters to other churches. Moreover, since 1863, the churches of California, pastors and laymen, have been struggling to establish a Theological Seminary, and a Christian Academy, and they see them both far on the way, with a bright history already, and a brighter prophecy. In this enterprise, the heart and brain of the Sacramento pastor, with others, have been taxed; the Salem pastor has had no occasion to care for such things. In Salem there have been no social throes, no tendencies to socialistic revolution, no upheaval of the new political philosophy of discontent with organized society, because it has brought prosperity to others, resulting in a new, crude constitution. There everything has gone on, socially and politically, with the wonted, regular pulsations. Here the community has been in a ferment—all philosophies, all political economies, all moralities, all theologies; being thrown into the cauldron and simmering together—calling for all the strong, clear, and wise, ringing words it was possible for a man to utter, that the gospel of Christ might be one of the molding forces.

Stated generally, the civilization in Salem belongs rather to the order of finished Christian civilization, than of forming. The condition of society is there about as high as it often attains on this earth. The grand effort is to continue on the achieved high ground, with some slight rise, and do others good. It is a civilization that, apart from scattering its blessings abroad, simply takes on a brighter shade here and there, that removes a spot or wen now and then, that swallows up a generation of men in advancing an inch, that is racked with agony when forced but a hair from the ruts. How different from a civilization that comes bounding in with such rapidity and surprises as to make one catch his breath! The pastor there labors in a congenial and appreciative atmosphere, and he has stood faithfully at his post, and encouraged his people who have held on to the old ways and sent out streams of life all over the land; but he has seen little change around him. The Christian work there is executive, or to give impulse; here it is creative, or to summon into being and guide. Such are some of the points of difference between the two fields—the Atlantic coast and the Pacific coast. Yet preachers come out here from there, take a sip of our work, do not like the flavor, become discouraged and rush back to take the charge of large and finished churches. They prefer to work in a vineyard where the vines are all set out at exact intervals, and where a regulation mode of trimming them has been adopted, to breaking new ground. So much more influential is sight than faith, possession than hope, copying than creating. WHILOM NAUMKEAG. Sacramento, July 28, 1881.

Non-Workers.

To teach a, b, c, we must first know them ourselves. To plant the "word" or "seed of the Spirit" we must first have the seed to plant. A seed which is not used, grows dry or mouldy, sometimes cracks open and sprouts, but does not bear fruit. It seems to me that the great Creator who planned every seed for the purpose of producing more of its own kind, could not have intended the greatest of seeds to lie idle. The question which comes to me, and which I should like very much to have answered, is this: Can we be true Christians, that is really have the seed in our hearts and not produce something more than our own conversion, even faith words WORK?

Communications.

Out of the Depths.

Strange thoughts filled Willard Kenneth's mind when the nurse placed his first-born in his arms. There had been many hours of dreadful anxiety while the life dearest to him hung trembling in the balance; but now the danger was past, and in the glad rebound from despair he uttered a fervent "Thank God!"

How he started at the sound of his voice. What had he to do with God? He had not uttered the name in years except in derision. Had the dread of the last day dethroned his reason? No; it was only a flood of old time memories carrying him, for a moment, from the secure anchorage of reason back to the traditions of his childhood. No wonder, he thought, that this superstition is so long lived and hard to do away with when it becomes a habit so firmly fixed in childhood.

He determined to guard against such weakness in the future, but as he looked down upon his infant daughter his mind would wander back to his father's house. His fancy pictured the day when he was laid in his father's arms as his own child was to-day. He knew how that father had received him as a sacred charge from the hand of God, and in imagination he heard himself dedicated to the Allfather from his earliest moment, and heard the earnest plea for strength to walk blameless before this little child; for wisdom to teach him aright, and for patience to await his coming into the kingdom. Some way he could not banish the thought that there was something higher and holier in this solemn dedication than in his own gush of parental pride and fondness; something of tenderness had been added to his father's love from his religion. Yet what had reason to do with a sentimental fondness growing out of an effete superstition? Nothing; he would love his child in a strong, manly way, without any silly weakness. But could he love with a stronger, more manly love than his grand old father gave him, and had given him from his birth? There had been nothing weak in that love he knew, and he knew too, that he had never possessed a courage half so strong, nor a will so commanding as that of the aged father, who bowed like a little child, daily, before the throne of God.

Memory was busy as well as fancy. He saw himself again a little child at his mother's side; again he listened his evening prayer; again he gathered with the rest at the family altar. He remembered how proud he was when, for the first time, he read a verse from his little Testament with the rest at the morning lesson. How the old Bible stories were interwoven with every precious home memory! There had been a Bible carefully packed in his trunk when he left home for school. He read it then and loved it; loved it partly because of the sweet home memories it brought, and partly because it seemed to him to open up a life so grand and heroic. He read a chapter the night he arrived at college, and while he read the distant home came near, and he ceased to feel lonesome and strange. He prayed too that night, and asked to be kept pure and earnest in life and purpose. The next day he heard a classmate speak lightly of the great Allfather, and turned away grieved and wounded.

How had he become so wounded? He had not been drawn away by pleasure; the wine cup held no allurements for him; his nature was too earnest for trifling games; his tastes too refined for bohemian revels. None of these things could tempt the boy reared in the society of a pure and refined mother. And even after ten years of avowed atheism, Willard Kenneth was in all his walk among men an example worthy of imitation by the most devout. Another force had drawn him from his father's precepts. Heretofore he had taken religion for granted. He had never "gone about the walls of his Zion and measured the height thereof, the breadth thereof, and the length thereof," so that skepticism found him unprepared. His mind was naturally of an inquiring turn—not given to a blind acceptance of anything; so, when once the voice of inquiry was raised, it could not be hushed by anything short of a perfect answer.

Unfortunately for him the leading scientific professors were both Atheists, and also both of them men of fine abilities. It was in his case only another repetition of the old story—religious advisers scorned to take the testimony of science; turning from evolution and the conservation of forces as something wicked and heretical; and really gifted men using fact and theory, experiment and observation to overthrow the pure religion which came as a perpetual admonition to their own self-seeking lives. So it came about that Willard Kenneth, before the first year of his college course was done, had learned to look with suspicion upon the religion which feared the testimony of science, and which was so often supported by assertions pure from any suspicion of logic. The testimony of the spirit was lacking, and if he remembered his father's unselfish consecration to duty, or his mother's saintly patience, he regarded it as a proof of their superior native endowments, or as the effect of chaste and temperate lives. They felt it to be the influence of Christ's spirit in the heart, but so their fathers taught them; and was not a strong filial reverence part of

the Kenneth character? Even he felt something of tenderness for religious customs for his parents' sake, and sometimes entered a church with solemn manner.

So he had finished his course of study, and had gone across the ocean to the Old World, that among the records and monuments of an older civilization he might gain something to make wider and deeper the new. He walked the ancient streets of London, and stood where the legends said the Cornish sea laid the infant Arthur at Uther's feet. He wandered through sunny France, and spent many days in the mountains of Switzerland. Italy opened to him her treasures of art, and northern lands received him as a favored guest into their palaces.

Then he sailed homeward, his mind richer and fuller for all he had seen of man's toil and conquest, and his purpose to do something worthy deepened by the records of the mighty who were gone. Still there was no recognition of God in his thoughts, and he smiled with scorn when he heard a childish voice singing an evening hymn. There was a storm at sea, when the hardened sailors cried out wild prayers to a neglected God; but he was quiet and fearless; he never dreamed of appealing to anything but courage and common sense.

Yet upon this day, when he held counsel with himself, he remembered there had been some things in that tour which strangely shook the calm of his skepticism. He remembered a glorious sunset when he left behind him the city of Lucerne and wandered beside the lake. He saw again the fifty huts among which he passed that night, and heard again the drunken brawls and obscene jests of the rabble; at last he stood beside the shaded grotto, where lay the mighty lion of Lucerne, the glory of Thorwaldsen's hand. Again he seemed to be looking at the wounded monarch of the deserts, guarding so faithfully with dying strength the broken lilies of France; preserving to the last from insulting enemies the shield of Switzerland. How pathetic had been the great stone lion's face in the sunset light, and how inhuman the shouts of the drunken revelry which came from the huts below. How the thought had been forced upon him, that something more than art or heroism is needed to elevate humanity, since this grandest monument of the most heroic men the world has seen for centuries could neither upraise the man who wrought it, or they who lived beneath its smile.

Another picture crossed his mind—He stood in Rome gazing at St. Cecilia, as she listens to the angel's chorus. Jerome, Paul and Peter stand beside her, and at her feet, discarded, lie harp and lute and psalter, while she turns with infinite longing to the heavenly choir. Her pictured face seemed to him more than human then, and as he remembered it now he felt the tears gather in his eyes. Surely, if this were a fable, it would be a pity that it should cease to be told among men. One more pictured face rose before his eyes—the Dresden Madonna. He had felt a strange thrill in that room, lighted, it seemed to him, by the Virgin Mother's smile. He had called it a wonderful creation of genius; but there he had asked himself, "What set that genius on fire?" He asked himself the question again in retrospect. He asked other questions too: why every great work of art, or every noble deed seemed so to twine itself and mingle so with religion, why the soul of man so elung to the Creator if there were no divine, all-merciful Being, who made and loved the human race?

Surely the true man science must not fail in taking note of this. It seemed strange, that when such close attention was paid to the shape of a bone, or the form of a hair, the very mould of the mind should be so overlooked. He blushed when he thought that he, who had spent weary days examining the tissues of the body with the finest microscopes, should dismiss the whole subject of his own immortal mind with a few fine sentences about the delicacy of ethereal matter—the evolution of the fine from the coarse—the transmission of nerve force by vibrations, and the complexity of life. Where was his boasted candor of inquiry? His careful demonstration now? Clearly for his own sake, and for the sake of truth, he needed to examine carefully the ground whereon he stood.

Long and careful was this examination; many days did he wander in perplexity through mazes of argument and sophistry, settled neither in doubt nor in belief. Often he would have given up the problem and left it to solve itself, had not the eyes of his infant daughter seemed to plead with him to carry on that inquiry, which their first glance suggested. Through all there was one who suffered with him, though her mouth was sealed, and no expression of anxiety appeared in her face—the patient wife, who had loved him so fervently and had prayed for him with agonizing earnestness ever since she had known how he had forgotten his mother's teachings. No word of hers she felt could add to that teaching, so she had prayed and waited, watching the struggle going on in his mind, longing to help, yet fearing to hinder—never dreaming how much she was doing to win the victory, for which she would gladly have given her life. For to Willard Kenneth through all this stormy time one presence seemed always a guiding star; into every troubled reverie came the form of the fair girl-wife, who so timid and yielding in every thing else, had so firmly held to her faith in Christ. She had left home and kindred for him, but

not even his image could cloud from her the face of the Redeemer. She had deferred to his judgment in every thing else, but still as she had been, though no such word had ever escaped her lips, he knew that she pitied his ignorance of religion. Steadily the conviction was growing upon him that she was indeed wiser than he in choosing the better part. The more he contrasted his own indifference with her lively interest in life—his stoical endurance with her happy resignation, and his foreboding with her trust, the more he knew that some grand influence had made this timid, blossom-like girl a being stronger, nobler, and braver than he in every emergency. He felt rather than saw that she was bearing with him the fearful struggle, and longed for her help, but with a man's pride kept silence.

Again he was going over the ground trodden in the first year of his college course, with this difference: then he had listened to the attacks of atheism upon a religious faith dogmatic and traditional; now he was seeking arguments against an unbelief, which he saw was quite as dogmatic and as traditional. Slowly he went over the ground, carefully considering every step. He learned to see that the laws of Nature did not do away with the need of a Lawgiver; that the perfection of that system of evolution, which had seemed at one fell stroke to destroy a Creator, called for a being of omniscience to set it in order and keep it in action. He saw, too, that in heart and soul existed a need which only the God of revelation could satisfy. At last, after months of struggle with doubt and pride, the victory was won. Again Willard Kenneth opened his Bible to read the message of his Father—just as trusting and as loving as when he opened his trunk that night when he left his home for the first time; he has a new delight in the words he reads. Then, he read with memories of home, and believed from habit, now mingled with the vision of the earthly home is one of another—the many mansions; and the belief is sure because of knowledge. He has "gone about the walls of his Zion, and has measured the height thereof, the length thereof, and the breadth thereof," and he turns with a new delight to the word of God, and prays like one who, after years of waiting, hears again his mother's tongue. With him his wife rejoices, and far away the gray-haired father and mother lift a song of glad thanksgiving for the one who after so many days has come again to his Father's house.

BITTER-SWEET.

Promises in the Bible.

Doubtless some may think, that having given one or two articles on "Promises" before, the subject would be exhausted; but it is not so.

Among the peculiarities of the Bible, there is this, that the more we study it, and take from it, the more we find in it. Like a spring of living waters, it is inexhaustible.

One might as well say, that by taking two or more buckets of water out of the ocean, they would drain it dry; and so, therefore, I take up "Promises" again.

Our pastor gave "Promises" as the topic for the weekly prayer-meeting, and asked each one that came to the meeting, to have a promise ready, and be prepared to read it. They did so, and it was truly a promise meeting, full of good news.

He chose three—Matt. xi: 28—x: 32-33 and John vi: 37—as the ones to open the meeting with. It is very hard to choose any particular one above the rest, as they are all true and good.

However, we will take John vi: 28-29 as the lesson for this article. How many do we find here, and how full they are, and how far they lead us through the Bible. There is no limit to them, as they come down to us who are now studying them through the ages that have passed since the world began to revolve and move in its orbit, and its bounds were set by its Maker.

And yet how fresh and full they are. Again, how different are the promises of God from those of men. We may promise, and often we do, more than we can fulfill, but it is not so with God. For whatever he promises, that he is able to perform, and cause to come to pass, for they are sure, and will never fail. Ps. xli: 7, Ps. cii: 18, Mic. iv: 8, Is. xlii: 9, lxxviii: 35, I Sam. ix: 6, Is. xlv: 11, Josh. xii: 45.

Our Savior calls himself the "Bread of Life," and says: "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." John vi: 35, Is. xlii: 8, Zech. xiv: 8, Is. lv: 1, Ps. lxxiii: 1, cxxiii: 6, Exod. xvi: 15, Deut. viii: 3, Rev. vii: 16-17, John iv: 13-15.

Then notice what he says in the 37th verse: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Ps. lxi: 5-6, Is. viii: 18, Is. ix: 27, Ja. iii: 19, Ps. cxi: 16, Heb. ii: 13, Ps. cxxi: 7.

Again take those in the 39th and 40th verses, "that of all which he hath given me, I shall lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day," "and that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." John iv: 14, John x: 28, xii: 15-16, Ps. cxviii: 2, lxx: 17, lxxii: 16, Heb. iii: 19.

Then those in the 47th and 48th verses: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Is. liv: 13, Heb. viii: 10, Matt. xi: 27, Luke x: 22, John iii: 18-36, Rom. v: 6, John xx: 31, Heb. 2: 4, Rom. i: 17.

Then note those in the 50th and 51st verses, "This is the bread of life which cometh down from heaven. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." Ps. cv: 40, Rev. xxii: 17, 1 John iii: 24, iv: 16, Eph. iv: 9-10, 1 Cor. xi: 23-26, x: 16, John xiv: 23.

Also take up some of the promises that are in other parts of the Bible. Take that of confession: Ps. cxxxii: 6, Prov. xviii: 13, Rev. iii: 5, Matt. x: 32, Heb. xi: 13, Rom. xiv: 11, xv: 9, 1 Tim. vi: 13-15.

Then there is the comfort of being a Christian: Jer. xvii: 7-8, Ps. i: 3, xxxiii: 12, Rom. ix: 33, 1 Pet. ii: 6, Ps. lxxv: 4, Rev. xxii: 1, 1 Pet. ii: 9, Is. iii: 10.

The promises are made to those who ask: Ps. xxi: 4, Is. lxxv: 1, Matt. vii: 8, vi: 8-12, Luke xi: 9, John xii: 22, xiv: 14, Jas. i: 5-6, Judges xviii: 5.

And also to those who believe: Gen. xv: 6, Ps. cix: 66, Is. xlii: 10, Rom. iii: 22, Mark xi: 23-24, John ix: 36-38, Acts xiii: 39, 1 John v: 15.

How blessed it is to be a Christian, for when fears and troubles annoy us, we have One to go to for strength: Gen. xv: 1, Deut. xxxi: 8, 2 Kings vi: 16, Ps. xlii: 1-2, Ps. cxviii: 6, Dan. x: 12-19, Joel ii: 21.

Some of us who have become followers of the lowly Nazarene, can lay hold of these promises, for we know them by experience to be good: Ps. xlii: 14, John x: 11, Rev. vii: 17, Phil. iv: 19, Prov. viii: 20, Is. xlii: 12.

The Bible is a promise book from beginning to end. The first promise, Gen. iii: 15, and the last, one Rev. xxi: 14, Ps. cxxxv: 15, Job xxxvi: 7, Ps. cxxiii: 18, 1 Pet. iii: 12, Heb. i: 14, 2 Sam. xxi: 1, Is. xlv: 2, Zech. ix: 8, Ps. cxlv: 18-20, li: 17, Is. lvii: 15.

Notice the promises that are given to help, aid, and succor us when we are in need of them the most: Deut. xxxiii: 29, Ps. lxx: 5, lxxviii: 18-19, lxxiii: 7, Acts xxvi: 22, Heb. iv: 16, Rom. vii: 26, Heb. xii: 16, 2 Cor. i: 2.

How pleasant and beautiful they are, they are present in times of joy and sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, in fact in every condition of life: Ps. xvi: 6, Rom. x: 15, Ps. cxxvi: 5, Is. lv: 12, John xvi: 20-22, Ps. cxxii: 7, Phil. iii: 7-8.

Finally, how shall these promises be fulfilled, for there are two wills, a human and a divine? It is by the coming together of these two wills, that makes the fulfillment of the Promises of God.

I will close with some of the promises put into verse by Dr. Bonar:—

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was
Weary and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thou weary one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am the light of the world;
Look unto Me, thy mourn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

O. C. POPE.

How Our Children Leave Us.

Watch, and within the brief circuit of a year, sometimes even in the course of a few months, you will see a change in the little faces. Take photographs of them, and if you happen to lay them by for a few years, and then open the book, you will have a surprise. You will have something like the following: "Why, I have lost these children. Surely they have gone from me. Has God taken them?" No. They are "about" you still. They are beside you now, looking at the pictures, much amused they should be pictures of themselves. They can see no resemblance to the image they see every day in the glass. So they vanish from us, even while they live, and we see them no more. The little girl with the ringlets is a wayfarer who is tarrying with you only for a night. She will go on again in the morning toward womanhood. And the sunny boy will keep her company on his way to his manhood. Very soon, now, you will see touches of the manhood and the womanhood on their faces. Then will come their lovers, their marriages, their careers, their children—and you will be grandfather and grandmother before you know it. Many are taking these honors continually while yet they are not old. Their condition conspires to crown them without their leave, although generally much to their delight. Then a few years more, and your children's children will leave you as they shoot up into men and women. You will have to reach across two generations then to find the children.

Nor can we forget that there are always some who far outstrip the rest—who do not glide away on feet along the earthly ways, but who have wings woven in silence on which they fly up to the fields of heaven. We have spoken of the facial change as children grow to be men and women; but there is another change which sometimes comes on a young face, which betokens a growth quite out of this world, and a putting on of the beauty and glory of another. A change? This, sad at first to see, sorrowful exceedingly to our earthly affections. Yet a change

growing more and more fair to look on, a rebuke to our sorrow, a life-long memory to our love.

And so we lose them. And many a Job stands amid the relics of the past, looking back, and plaintively or thankfully recalling the days when the children were about him. Well, but look forward. Antedate the time. Anticipate the inevitable severance, and work for the formation of the deeper, the immortal union. If you have wealth—heart-property—in these children, as children, know it now, for the riches will "make themselves wings and fly away." If you have nurture to give them suitable to their tenderness, preparation for their strength, give it now; in a little while they will be too hard and strong in nature's growth to take it. If there are lessons which the Master would have you learn of them while they are yet young, and which they cannot teach, nor you learn of them, when you are older, then learn the lessons now; for soon the little faces will be seen no more at your table, the patter of their little feet heard no more in your rooms.—*Alexander Raleigh.*

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Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1881.

All letters and remittances should be addressed, simply: THE PACIFIC, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

By request of a friend in Detroit, the inquiry was made in THE PACIFIC of July 13th, for the name of "the retired American missionary to China, who owned the most noted opium den in San Francisco." The inquiry has been made privately and publicly, and no answer has been given, or any information found that looked like such ownership. Now, the fair thing for Eastern papers to do is to give a like publicity to this denial.

Our pages are so filled with "memorial" documents, this week, that we have room for little besides. Our readers will please excuse the want of variety in themes, and find it in persons. About a dozen were invited to reline with us at this symposium, and we are permitted to welcome nine of them, who come bringing their gifts for the common entertainment. We are glad to be refreshed by the presence of a few whose pens have been little used for these columns in the later years. Writing for THE PACIFIC is healthy business, if the general robustness and vigor of those who have been longest at it is any satisfactory test. An advantage of having been a little "green" all one's life is, that he can not miss a green old age.

As said last week, THE PACIFIC first appeared bearing the date of August 1st, 1851. It was not the first attempt to start a religious paper in this city, but it was the first attempt which succeeded; nor was it long alone in the field. The *California Christian Advocate* was begun in October, 1851, and has survived all the chances and changes incident to such a publication in such a land, and has been greatly helpful in the main directions in which THE PACIFIC has wrought. Papers, as representatives of Baptists, Episcopalians, and Southern Methodists, were begun within a year or two of ours, and have done a good work (less continuously) along side of THE PACIFIC. Since 1864 the Presbyterians have been separately represented, very ably, by *The Occident*. Some other denominations, also, have had, or still have, papers of their own, of a comparatively recent date. All of these we salute as we pass by, wishing them God-speed, and thanking them for their generous co-operation. Without their aid but little could have been done of all that has been done, in the accomplishment of which THE PACIFIC has had a hand.

Even good people do not agree concerning the idea, and the ideal, of a "Religious Journal." Some would have it like our quarterlies, bi-monthlies, and monthlies, filled, and filled only, with moral and religious treatises, essays, articles, general in their nature, and with few references to local or passing events. Others would have a religious "weekly" supplied with a kind of church intelligence department, also, without reference to anything known properly as "news," and would have no allusions to anything outside of the world of religion and morals. But those who would really live, in our time, see that the truly religious paper must be a religious newspaper, fresh, alert, active, significant, incisive; touching upon civil affairs, educational affairs, governmental affairs—foreign and domestic—as well as affairs more strictly moral, religious, spiritual, devotional, and worshipful. The last is the ideal of THE PACIFIC. It considers nothing human (but the bad) as foreign to itself. In its spirit it would be all religious; in its matter only partially so. Whatever a Christian may fitly do, of that it may fitly publish.

The writers of original articles in the first number of THE PACIFIC were: The Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, then pastor of the First Congregational church, in this city. He was quick as a flash, terse in style, vigorous in thought, original in conception, every way a strong and ready writer, bold, and candid even to a fault; often stating the views of opponents more forcibly than they could themselves. He has long been absent from the state; and the paper, since 1857, has greatly missed his contributions. The Rev. John W. Douglas, the editor and proprietor, wrote but little for the first number. He was a classmate with Mr. Hunt, at Yale, and had been two years pastor of the church at San Jose. He was a man of moods and tenses, like a verb, with a touch of romance in his nature. He was made of sterling stuff, however, faced the music, had the courage of his opinions, never flinched in the face of a foe, and always

"spoke the truth and shamed the devil." He could make a telling speech, and could write a fine article. His editorial career was all too brief, and it was full of "crises," and one of them terminated alike his ownership of the paper, and his stay on the coast. T. J. Nevins, Esq., a lawyer, and the first agent of the American Tract Society on this coast, and the first superintendent of schools in this city, a man well along in years, was another writer of paragraphs. He was one of the sharp, pungent, pushing, persistent, expert men, who knew human nature almost too well, and did not rate it high. To the department of schools and literature he contributed valuable articles, subsequently. The Rev. Dr. S. H. Willey, now pastor at Benicia, then of the "Howard church," in this city, wrote for the first number, and has been always one of the most frequent, fluent, reliable, and valuable writers the paper has ever had. He has probably written more for its columns than any other one man, who has not been the responsible editor. Of the quality and character of his contributions, which, happily, have not yet ceased, all readers of our columns can judge for themselves. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton, then a pastor at Sacramento, now a professor in the Pacific Theological Seminary, wrote the "introductory," and one other article, in the first number, and has been a frequent contributor, in one form and another, ever since; having been "Editor in Chief," during one year, the last seventeen years; more than half of all the thirty years of the life of THE PACIFIC. All of these persons were California Pioneers, of 1849, and all but one (Col. Nevins), are among those that have survived the shocks of fate and the assaults of time; two at the East (and sadly missed), and two on this outer rim of the continent and the Republic; though

"No pent-up Utopia contracts our powers, The whole boundless continent is ours."

OFFICE OF THE "EDITOR IN CHIEF,"
Aug. 1, 1881.

MY DEAR PACIFIC:—On this memorial occasion, I congratulate you on your years and attainments. And still one hesitates about congratulating those on their birthdays, especially if they are ladies, who have passed beyond the twenties. True, you are more placid than women; and though you are easily ruffled, superficially, by any passing breeze, your temper is better controlled than that of most mortals. However, I will not insist upon it so much that you should be happy over the number of years you have lived, as I will that you should rejoice over the deeds you have done, and the achievements you have wrought.

Yours has been a busy life; you plunged in *medias res*, and you have never extricated yourself entirely from the conflicts of affairs. Obviously it was your first duty to battle with wrong. There was so much around you that was immoral, that you could not do otherwise than protest against the gambling tables, the liquor saloons, the street brawls, the places of debauchery, the abuse of the rest-day, the profanation of things sacred, and the too common ignoring of all the precepts of the decalogue. You did this temperately, wisely, persistently, through months and years; and you saw, from time to time, great changes for the better. Indeed, it came to pass within a few years, that the state of society was almost as much altered, as if the change had been from barbarism to civilization.

There was an early necessity for schools, common schools, and a school system. For these rightly established and rightly conducted, you contended from the very first, and with a broad intelligence, and a very marked ability. Singularly enough there were those who assumed to be leaders in public affairs who were opposed to a school fund, and a school tax, and to free public schools. There were others who thought well enough of low-grade schools and all sorts of primaries, who did not care for the grammar school, the high school, or for the higher education generally. Most of them did not find much of the higher education in their own experience, and presumed that others could do as well without such an education as themselves; which was evident enough. But there were strong men who sided with you, and a good school system was early inaugurated, and it has been vigorously conducted. I remember that there was a time, in 1864, when a division of the school fund was attempted, in such a way that denominational schools, conducted on private premises, and taught by those not appointed by the public, might receive their portions, from the proceeds of the public school fund, according to numbers. This parish school idea you resisted with all your might. You saw in it a peril, that some good but innocent people did not then apprehend. You carried the day, and the innovation was not made, but rather, very thoroughly put out of sight.

There were, in the very first years of your existence, movements in this state of the filibustering sort, and expeditions proposed for the adventures. It fell to your lot to be early informed of most of these; and you had it in your power to break up two, by timely exposure, one aimed at Mexico, and one at the Hawaiian Islands. (One eluded everybody and got off to Nicaragua, and finally ended in disaster, after some successes.) These secrets were revealed to you because of your well known courage, and because the secular papers were reluctant to interfere with such proceedings, and because your friends were earnest and zealous, and were on the alert for anything in

which you could make yourself useful to the public.

During the same early years, the dominant political sentiment being of the Southern type, repeated attempts were made, a few times directly, at various times indirectly, to favor the "peculiar institution" of the South, by defeating constitution and law, by altering the constitution, by dividing the State, or by all these together. Masters who had brought their slaves hither with them claimed the right to take them back at pleasure in spite of our free constitution; and the Supreme Court went so far as "to give the law to the North and the negro to the South." All these schemes you watched with keen eyes, and you drew them into the light, and you showed their design, under whatever guise of plausibility they were advocated. And so through all the years, to the time of the civil war, you stood by the Constitution as it was, and would not allow the anti-slavery feature to be touched without indignant remonstrance and effective denunciation.

Soon came the days of political corruption, official wickedness, perverted justice; when courts and councils were in the market, or combined together in acts of plunder and depredation. The voice of the religious press, and of part of the secular press, was too feeble to be heard. Then the long-suffering people arose in their might, and took possession of their own affairs, appointing officers and judges, who both feared God and regarded man, and consigning wrong-doers to their fate. "Ah," said a man from "way down in Tennessee," "when these psalm-singing Yankees do shoulder their muskets, then hell's to pay." You contributed to that payment by fighting misrule, and political debauchery, and judicial debasement, outside of the forms of legality, but, inside of the rights of man. In short, you fought with and for the Vigilance Committee of 1856, and you shared with your constituency, in the enduring beneficence of that triumphant endeavor; whose echoes filled the land, and whose heroes may take rank with those "that fired the shot heard round the world."

One of the first two men ever elected to Congress from this State was killed in a duel. Dueling was largely practiced and defended, among public men, and less among private men, a number of years; and there were several who suffered death, or maiming, in consequence. All this was abhorrent to your ideas of honor, morality and justice; and you protested against the practice in sermon, article and paragraph, incessantly, and procured acts of legislation, of the right kind. Much was done in this way to defeat the custom, but it held power over many till the killing in a duel of U. S. Senator Broderick, in 1859. That dreadful deed shocked the State, and doomed dueling and duellists to infamy among us; and you may be confident that you have done much to render it impossible ever again to elect to high office those "who have killed their man."

When the civil war was coming on, you knew what a "fix" we were in, and you took the alarm. A part of our people sympathized with the rebellion. The men who filled the national offices, and commanded the national forces could not be relied on to defend and support the very government they represented. You knew something, probably, of that quiet movement and secret messenger which got the ear of the Commander-in-chief, and brought it about, that, all unexpectedly, a loyal general, of superior rank, one day walked in, and took command of all the U. S. forces on this coast. And you remember how the fluttering of our hearts ceased then, and how freely we breathed, because we knew that California could not be forced out of the Union, and would not go out of her own accord. In your way you fought a good fight for the national cause, all through the four years of the war, and you made a record that will stand you in good stead for years to come. You never flinched, nor faltered, nor lost your head, nor left your courage. And when peace smiled over the continent again, you had lived through half your years, passed through all your greater conflicts, and had won renown as well as victory in them all.

During the last fifteen years your work has been more specifically, educational, moral, and religious. You have sought moral reforms, the purification of social and public life, the rearing of Christian schools, the growth of churches, and the increase of spiritual life among our people; and have been doing a good work diligently and efficiently. You show a fair white face (we know your hands are clean); there are no crows-feet around your eyes; you have no beak showing that you love carrion, in your mouth is the law of kindness, your brow is unlined; there is an up-lift on all your features, and your expression is one of calmness, patience and hope.

At the outset of your career, it was in the thought of your originators that you would live and conquer, so far as victory was within the grasp of mortals, guided from on high, because so many true men had pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their Christian honor." And now they are able to say that they have not been disappointed. All your ideas have prevailed, with more or less power, at length, in respect to the restraint of vice, the reform of morals, the restoration of a rest-day, the establishment of a system of free public schools, the founding and fostering of institutions for the higher (and the highest) education, the suppression of the filibustering spirit, the defeat of the project to divide the state, the overthrow of the practice of dueling, and the flanking of the movement to carry the state over to the wrong side at the outbreak of the civil war. Upon your past power and your present prestige, therefore, I congratulate you, as well as upon all your other attainments, and achievements. And when I think that these thirty years, through which you have lived, have stolen away my youth and much of my manhood, and that as

contributor, correspondent and editor, I have furnished an average of about two columns of matter for each number published during them all, you will not wonder if I feel, at times, a slight sense of "goneness." And so, somewhat abnormally myself,

I am normally yours,
J. A. BENTON.

Rev. J. W. Douglas.

[The Rev. John W. Douglas, of THE PACIFIC, has not yet been heard from, so we shall let him appear in extracts from early letters.]

SAN JOSE, Feb. 11, 1850.

"Yesterday (Sunday) morning I preached in the Assembly Hall, from Ephesians ii: 11-21; at 3 P. M., in Mr. Blakeslee's tent, which he uses as a school house, and thirteen of us sat down to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Five united with our church, one on profession, a Mr. R—H—, who has just come from the east, over the plains, and was converted on the way."

SAN JOSE, March 4th, 1850.

"I am disposed to think well of your proposal, that I should undertake a preaching and exploring tour north and east."

As to any reliable information in reference to towns on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and their tributaries, from this or that man, I have quite despaired of it.

Ask Mr. Jones about Vernon. Mr. Jones says Vernon is a small, inconsiderable place, unhealthy, and always will be; but Fremont and Marysville are destined to become important places, eligible in every respect. Now, turn around and ask Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith turns the tables of information at once. He declares that Vernon is the best site north of Sacramento, and that Fremont and Marysville are of no account, etc., etc. I think I'll saddle up and go and explore."

[The Editor-in-chief's correspondence, June 11th, 1852.]

"Returning one day, near Murphy's Diggings, after a long stroll through the adjoining woods, we came upon a large grave under an oak. Its size attracted our attention, as well as the head-stick, around which was coiled a piece of rope. We learned, on inquiry, that the rope was significant of the fate of those buried there. It was the grave of two men from Sidney. They were criminals of the most hardened character; their last moments fully testified this. No wonder crime flourishes in the vicinity of some of these courts. We have seen one magistrate so addicted to drunkenness, whether in court or out of it, as to be perfectly imbecile; and another, in a more conspicuous place, so wretched a victim to gambling, that a good portion of his nights, and a part of his days, are spent over the monte table. He has been known to enter the gambling saloon on Saturday evening, and continue there through the night, till towards Sabbath noon. No wonder that crime flourishes."

[Correspondence of the Editor-in-chief, June 18, 1852.]

"Two things we noticed in this place with some surprise: that the United States postoffice should be kept in a large public drinking and gambling saloon; and that the County Judge (recently appointed by Governor Bigler) should keep his office and hold his court in one end of a dram shop. Justice, considerate goddess! She would first prepare men to become her subjects—she would first muddle their heads and corrupt their hearts; set them by the ears; involve them in broils and contentions, and then invite them to settle their difficulties before her! Too long in our State has the ermine of Justice been odorous with rum, and stained by low and degrading associations. Alas! alas! for the utter shamelessness and abandonment of some men—one of Vernon at least enjoys the title, and is engaged in the practice, of one of the learned professions!"

He had a paramount influence in certain quarters here, and we were not at all surprised when we heard, a few nights after, of an innocent man being shot in the street by a gambler, who had twice missed his intended victim; nor were we surprised when we more recently heard of the fate of two Mexicans who were barbarously hung—one of them in the presence of his anguished mother and sisters, when, as was stated by the *Calaveras Chronicle*, "there was not a particle of evidence, circumstantial or otherwise, to fix the crime upon the poor victims of this fiendish cruelty! No degree of crime or cruelty is too great for the human heart, when under the sway of lust and rum."

The two most prominent objects which arrested our attention as we entered this place late in the afternoon, were a grizzly bear dancing in the street at the end of his chain; and, nearly on the piazza of the principal hotel, a group of Americans—not boys, but grown men—gathered around a Mexican harlot, who sat in the lap of one of her worshippers. The tone and style of conversation that was inflicted upon the public ear can easily be conceived."

As may easily be imagined, this scoring was not without its effect. The reaction showed itself with an emphasis about a year after.

At that time, the editor of THE PACIFIC, who wrote the foregoing, again visited that place, spent the Sabbath, and preached morning and evening. In the afternoon and evening there

were signs of a rising excitement about the streets. A certain lawyer, whose shame the editor had brought home to him, in his correspondence the year before, of which the foregoing is a specimen, was extremely active stirring up the loungers around the saloons and bars. At the evening service there was a crowd. When it was over (according to the present writer's recollection) the people were requested to remain, and the injured lawyer made a hot appeal to them to punish the editor for slandering their place in his paper the year before. Things looked stormy. It was all of a sudden, and took the editor by surprise. He knew well the reckless character of the vengeance of a California crowd; but fortunately he was not disconcerted. The article complained of was not at hand; and so, since it was getting late, it was agreed that there should be a meeting of the people the next morning; that the offensive article should be read, and that the editor should abide the verdict of certain judges, who should give their decision in the premises; so the thing rested for the night.

Meantime, things looked so stormy for the editor, that some, who were friendly to him, proposed an escape, promising to provide the way for it. But he entertained no such idea, and pluckily resolved to face the matter to the end, whatever it might be. It was certainly an anxious night for him. But morning came, and at the appointed time, the crowd. The accusing lawyer made his accusation, his plea, and his appeal for an exemplary punishment for the slander of the place and the people by the editor. The editor was permitted to speak in his own defense. He called for the correspondence complained of; it was brought to him. He spoke some calm, firm, but conciliatory words, and then read the statements complained of, one by one, and appealed to the crowd if they were not true, and if they did not all know that they were true; and then he made his appeal, and asked them if, instead of punishing him for telling the truth, and only doing it mildly and in part, at that, they would not rid themselves of those who had brought this disgrace upon them. Perceiving that he was carrying the crowd with him, he pressed matters still more closely, till his accuser began to quail and find himself without support; and before the thing was through, felt the hot indignation of the people, and shrank from the public gaze.

This is the substance of what occurred, as it is remembered now, after almost thirty years. The editor, instead of being roughly dealt with, as was intended, became the hero of the hour, and was accompanied out of town, as he left to go on his way, in a sort of triumph.

The Pacific's First Issue—Its Cost, etc.

Mr. Abel Whittom gives us information concerning the circumstances and cost of the first issue of THE PACIFIC. He says:

"On account of the great fires of May 4th and June 22, 1851, the printing offices of San Francisco were almost entirely destroyed. Mr. F. A. Bonnard had a small quantity of printing material arriving after the first fire, and for want of proper office room in the business part of the town, as well as a dread of fire, which filled all minds at that time, he placed it in the basement of the dwelling house on the north-east corner of Powell and Washington streets, and there opened a job and newspaper printing office. He gave me the foremanship of the office, and here we printed the *Sunday Dispatch*. F. C. Ewer, Editor, and also THE PACIFIC."

The price paid compositors in our office was according to the established rate of the Typographical Union, which was \$1.50 per 1,000 ems. The foreman was paid \$75.00 a week.

Of course the outlay to start a newspaper, with the mechanical labor at so high a cost, was quite large. To this should be added every incidental occurring in the first issuing of a paper, hard to be understood by those not conversant with the very peculiar circumstances by which we were then surrounded. A large item in the cost of issuing the first number of THE PACIFIC was the price paid for white paper on which to print it. The great fires had devoured nearly all the paper in the city; stray lots only were to be had. Our only paper dealer at the time was George J. Brooks & Co., who had a remnant of their stock placed in the second story of a dwelling house on Clay street, south side, between Stockton and Dupont streets, and the price was very high at the time THE PACIFIC was printed. But even then paper had not reached the fabulous price which was asked for it the following winter, when the *Alta*, as well as the weekly papers, were compelled to print on wrapping paper. I am not sure, but I have the impression that the price paid for the paper on which the first number was printed was \$18.00 a ream. I think we printed five or six reams, say 2,500 copies, as the paper was to be sent far and near. The cost of the edition, as I remember it, and I am pretty sure I am correct, was \$426.00. There was no type in the office suitable for a heading, and so we used some wood type intended for job work. Time has wrought its great changes with those who were employed in printing the first number of THE PACIFIC. Mr. Young and Mr. Bugbee, compositors on it, have passed away from earth, and so has Mr. Bonnard, the proprietor of the office. A. W. Berkeley, July 25, 1881.

"There are now published in the state eight daily and twelve weekly and tri-weekly papers, which, with those that have preceded them, will make, perhaps thirty. Although the press here has not

been in many respects what it should be, we must accord to it a good degree of high toned independence, honesty, and morality of sentiment."—*Alta*, August 1851.

Specimen comments of the secular papers on the appearance of THE PACIFIC.

"THE PACIFIC has been started in the spirit of broad philanthropy, and if it is sustained, as it deserves to be, it must from its character, prove a mighty agent for good to the country."—*Alta*.

"THE PACIFIC will have a large circulation in the mines, no solicitation being necessary to secure subscribers wherever its character is known."—*Sonoma Herald*.

"THE PACIFIC, a religious and family weekly, is exceedingly neat in appearance, and reflects great credit on publisher and editors, and we should judge will meet the much neglected wants of the community."—*S. F. Star*.

"Until now, the several religious denominations in California have been at peace; but it is more than probable that if THE PACIFIC continues in the same tone as that in which it has commenced in certain of its articles"—(referring to some things not relished in Roman Catholic quarters)—"we shall soon be deprived of that religious peace which has hitherto reigned among the different religious sects of our state. THE PACIFIC thus far is free from hypocrisy, for it very clearly declares to what religious community it belongs."—*Nugent's S. F. Herald*.

Rev. I. H. Brayton.

[Rev. I. H. Brayton, Editor of THE PACIFIC in 1856-7, has passed into the land of silence. We will therefore allow him to speak through several extracts from letters, part of which have never before appeared in print.]

"Our last night in Sonora was, like the first, sleepless. We had witnessed, a few hours before, the painting of an Indian's face. He was offered strong drink but shook his head, saying that his captain did not want him to drink; much faithful to his chief than some Americans to their manhood. Then a jackass was let loose in the street with a bunch of burning fire-crackers tied to his tail.

We retired; music floated up through the open windows, but the strains were not those of worship. As the night wore on, new groups came up to their sleeping places. Some were from the gaming-table, others from the concomitant haunts of even lower pleasures. Poor human nature! At three in the morning the welcome stage-horn sounded, and we were away."—[Correspondence of THE PACIFIC, November 7th, 1851.]

"The hotel had one room below, a bar-room, sitting-room, dining-room, reception-room, drinking-room and card-room, all about eighteen feet square, and a kitchen behind. At bed-time I followed the landlord up stairs, leaving the crowd drinking whisky punches, smoking hot, under the ministrations of Mistress Quick-ly."

Above, on the floor, pulled about, were a few woolen blankets. I had one to put under me and two for a covering. The mingled dirt and tobacco-juice made a kind of plaster or muck on the floor. It was a hard job, but down I lay.

Soon the whisky-warmed boys came up, fifteen or eighteen of them, and after them the landlord and his wife into a curtained corner, where was already a child or two. Then the pipes and the story-telling—the floor was wax-clean to the filth of their mouths and breath. "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret."—[Correspondence of THE PACIFIC, Sep. 20th, 1852.]

"There is a warm interest in California, and an appreciation of what the pulpit has already done there. But that any money can be wanted there they cannot easily understand." [Letter dated, New York, Jan. 3d, 1854.]

"Rev. Dr. — of N., said to me that he would gladly go to California if he could have the prospect of quickly building up a church there and gaining a support. He would want things ready to his hand, but if ready, he would go."—[Letter dated, New York, Jan. 13th, 1854.]

History of "The Pacific."

BY REV. C. M. BLAKE.

EDITORS OF "THE PACIFIC": THE PACIFIC NEWS, established here by Faulkner and Leland (him of hotel fame) in 1849, as the second daily newspaper on this coast, was sold to Allen and Winchester in March, 1850, the latter being its chief editor and also State Printer. Soon after this I became associated in the editorship of the same. The fires of June and of September, 1850, devoured us.

May 1, 1851, we sold out, taking a chattel mortgage for security for chief payment, and I left for my family in the East. Four days after, the great fire of May, 1851, destroyed all our property, and on my return in October I transferred all the "good will," exchange list, etc., to my esteemed friend, the first editor of THE PACIFIC, Rev. J. W. Douglas.

In 1850 I had known Mr. Douglas at San Jose well, and prized him highly. We had talked and prayed and planned together. He was a man of large views, and most genial, Christian spirit. In June, he with Rev. Messrs. Benton and Willey had called on us of the *Pacific News*, and interested us no little in their first ecclesiastical meeting. I was a licentiate, then, of the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia. We had no sectarianism here then. We have not much now, for which God be praised.

In July we took Brother Brayton by the hand in San Jose, where we talked long and much of the needs of this new land, and its rising interests. We spoke of the press, education, State news. City items was my department of the *Pacific News* daily; and the San Jose

& SNOW,
MARKER & SNOW,
SURVYORS OF
LUMBERS' STOCK,
Yale Lock Mfg Co.,
TACK CO.,
OF ANOSKEAG AXES,
MARKET ST., S. F.

The Children's Corner.

Little Things.

Little notes may blur the sight,
Little clouds may hide the light.
Little words may point a sting—
Little thoughts that people sing—
Sometimes sweetest pleasure bring.

Little broken threads will spoil
All the weaver's anxious toil.
Little flowers most fragrant are:
Little thoughts may lead us far
Into good or evil ways;
Little joys make glad our days;
Little stars the traveler light
To his homestead window bright.

Little foxes spoil the vines;
Little mildew taints the wines.

The Children's Song.

God of heaven, hear our singing;
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing.
Father, now we come to thee.

Let thy kingdom come, we pray thee;
Let the world in thee find rest;
Let all know thee and obey thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed!

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Savior's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angel's song above.

Father, send the glorious hour;
Every heart be thine alone;
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory are thine own.

—F. R. Havergal.

Forty Dollars for Four Teeth.

A REAL INCIDENT.

"Elsie!"
"Yes, papa," and the child dashed
away her tears, and sprang to the bed
where her father lay bandaged and help-
less.

"That day an explosion had happened in
the mill where he worked, and he was
badly hurt."

"Water!" he said feebly.
She gave it to him, and he went on
speaking:

"Where's the money, Elsie?"

"Here, papa," putting her hand on
the bosom of her dress.

"That's right. Take good care of it.
God only knows when we shall have any
more. Poor child!" he added fondly.

"Not a bit of it," she answered gayly.
"You'll be at home all the time now, and
we'll have such a good time together."

Her father gave her a loving smile,
and closed his eyes wearily. Elsie began
to stroke his hand, and he soon fell into
an uneasy slumber.

The two were all in all to each other.
They came from England and had been
in America but a few months. Elsie was
a plain, delicate child of thirteen, but her
father called her his dove of comfort, and
now she was proving her right to the
name. She tended him day and night,
with a cheery, skillful patience that made
everybody love her.

But the weeks went by, the money
was spent, and still he lay on his bed.
The wolf was at the door. How could
they keep him out?

Then it was that her father said: "Elsie,
where are the silver spoons?"

"In mamma's little trunk, with the
ring and locket," she answered.

"You must get them out and carry
them to Mr. Black."

"Oh, papa, no! It's all the silver we
have, and mamma thought everything of
them," she cried impulsively.

The sick man made no answer, but he
put his hands over his eyes, and soon
Elsie saw the tears steal slowly through
his fingers.

"Papa, dear papa! I didn't mean it.
How cruel of me!" she exclaimed, throw-
ing her arms about him. "I'll take them
this minute, and when you get well and
earn money we'll have them back again."

"When I get well! I wonder when
that will be?" he said despairingly.

"Before long—slow and sure, you
know," she answered brightly, and in a
few minutes she set out on her first visit
to the pawnbroker. But it was not her
last. Time and again she went, till every
possible thing had been carried; and
meantime she was learning cheerfully to
bear hunger and cold "for papa's sake."

He, too, poor man, must see his dar-
ling grow hollow-cheeked and big-eyed,
with no power to save her. What could
they do but lie down together and die?

As Elsie went home from her last visit
to the pawnbroker, she stopped at a gro-
cery to buy a little coal, and, while she
waited for other customers, she looked
listlessly at the morning paper lying on
the counter. As she did so, these words
caught her eye:

Wanted—four perfect teeth, for which
I will give forty dollars.

CHAS. DOW, Dentist,
No. 5 K street.

The poor little face flushed scarlet with
a sudden hope. "Perhaps he would take
mine," she thought; "Mother Savage
said yesterday she wondered how such a
homely child could have such handsome
teeth."

She seemed to herself to be dreaming.
"Forty dollars," "forty dollars," kept
saying itself over in her brain, and when
the shopman turned to wait on her, she
was gone. A few minutes after, she
stood in the dentist's office.

"Please, will you see if my teeth are
good enough to buy?" she asked timidly.

The doctor was engaged in a delicate
operation, but he stopped to give the
teeth a hurried examination.

"How beautiful! They are just what
I want. Come to-morrow," he said, go-
ing back to his work.

The rest of the day Elsie's father
thought her wonderfully gay, but he
could not think why; for she said nothing
of her plan, about which she began to
lose courage when the first excitement of
it subsided. Hard things look easier in
the morning than they do at night; and as
she sat in the light, studying herself in a
bit of looking-glass, she thought sorrow-

fully: "I shall be homelier than ever
when they are gone; but then, how silly
of me to care about that. Papa will love
me just the same. But it will hurt so to
have them out," she went on thinking,
and every nerve in her body quivered at
the prospect. "If it wasn't for the rent,
and the medicine for papa, and ever so
many things—I never could beg, never.
Yes, Elsie Benson, it's got to be done, if
it kills you!"

The next morning she entered the den-
tist's office by the mere force of will.
Her courage was all gone. Dr. Dow was
alone, and said "Good morning," very
kindly; but when he saw how she
trembled, he put her on the lounge, and
made her drink something that quieted
her. Then he sat down by her, and said:
"Now tell me what your name is, and
why you want to sell your teeth."

He spoke so gently, that at first Elsie
could only answer him with tears; but at
last he contrived to get all her sad story,
and his eyes were wet and his voice
husky several times while she was tell-
ing it.

"You are a dear, brave child," he
said when she finished. "Now I am go-
ing with you to see your father."

"But you'll take the teeth first, won't
you?" she asked imploringly. "I shall
never have courage to come again."

"Never mind that. We'll see if there
isn't some better way out of this trouble,"
he answered.

So hand in hand, they went back to
the sick man; but I cannot tell you how
happy and proud he was when the doctor
told him about Elsie, or how gratefully
he fell in with the plan of going to a nice
hospital, where he soon got well enough
to work in the doctor's grounds; while
Elsie, in her place as nurse to the doc-
tor's baby, rolled it over the gravel
walks.

So, though Elsie kept her teeth, they
saved both her and her father from pov-
erty and distress.—N. Y. Observer.

That Awkward Child.

"Do turn out your toes, Maria," said
Mrs. Ames, as Maria, her eleven-year-
old daughter, came in from school, a
great pile of books in her hands and a
tired look on her face. "And do try to
stand up straight and keep your shoulders
back. Why can you not move and walk
like other girls?"

The child's countenance took on a sul-
len expression, but she made no reply.
Seating herself at the window, she began
to prepare her lessons for the ensuing day.
Aunt Phebe, a benevolent old lady who
was aunt to every one in the neighbor-
hood, observed this, and said:

"Maria, dear, do you need to study
to-morrow's lesson immediately? Can you
not be out-doors awhile, on this lovely
afternoon?"

"I do take a walk about dusk," Maria
answered pleasantly; everybody answer-
ed Aunt Phebe pleasantly, for good na-
ture has a winning way of its own.

But I can not afford to lose any of the
light, and the days are growing so short."

Aunt Phebe said no more. Sixty
years' experience had taught her the les-
son which some of us are so very slow to
learn, that nothing is so entirely wasted
as unnecessary talk, advice and admoni-
tion. But she thought a good deal,
though she was silent, and once or twice
as Mrs. Ames said querulously, "Do
Maria, sit up! Do Maria, keep your feet
still! Maria I can not endure such clum-
siness; you must assume a more lady-
like position," etc., a pained expression
crossed her placid countenance. When
at last the books were closed, and the
little girl, for whom a companion had
called, had departed to take her daily
twilight exercise on the block and around
the corner, the dear old lady ventured on
a word of reproof to the mother.

"Elizabeth, you will pardon me, but I
fear you are making Maria unhappy.
And she is a very attractive child!"

"Attractive, Aunt Phebe! How can
you say so? You see for yourself how big
and ungainly she is growing, and she nev-
er knows what to do with her hands and
her feet. If I were her step-mother,
people would say that was why I was so
clear-sighted to her defects, but she is
my own child, and a very great trial she
is to me. I love her, but she mortifies
me."

"She is obedient, faithful, and faith-
ful to her duties, is she not?"

"Oh! yes; but then, Aunt Phebe, her
disposition is so sullen. She pouts when
I find fault with her, and that puts me
quite out of patience."

"Well, dear, if you would find fault
less frequently, and only in private, you
might not have the sullenness to complain
of. A sensitive nature can not bear to be
blamed in the presence of others. An-
other thing you must remember, your
daughter is growing very rapidly, and
some of her attitudes and angularities and
her awkward changes of position must be
set to that account. Nature suggests
these movements as careful and posing.
Seriously, I would be more careful, if I
were in your place, about wounding her
by too constant criticism. As she emerges
from the chrysalis of her present awk-
wardness, many things will arrange them-
selves and many little ungraceful habits
will drop away. Do not let Maria have
the memory of an unhappy childhood."

Are not many, who have laid upon
them the responsibility of caring for
young people, making the mistake of
Mrs. Ames? In their anxiety to do the
very best things for their children, and
to have them excel in everything which is
desirable, they keep up an incessant mo-
nition of depreciation and reproach.
Meanwhile the boys and girls, burdened
with multiplied tasks, soul and body re-
ceptive together and both developing
every day, are perhaps petulant and frac-
tious, as they will not be in a few years
when the forces of their being are more
harmoniously adjusted. Perhaps they
lack grace of movement and ease of man-
ner. They are quite probably conceited
and vain, or, it may be, touchy and sul-
len. Be patient and watchful, and al-

ways tenderly loving, dear mothers, and
your reward will come by-and-by when
the husks of the present hour fall away
from the ripening fruit.—Christian In-
telligencer.

Song of Steam.

BY GEORGE W. CUTLER.

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze:
When I marked the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courier's
speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the message the king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would
feel.

As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chain'd to the flying car.

Ha! ha! he! they found me at last,
They invaded me forth at length:
As I rushed to my throne with a thunder-
blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.

O then he saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep incline:
Time—space—have yielded to my power,
The world! the world is mine!

The rivers the sun bath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine!

The ocean pales where'er I sweep—
I hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.

I carry the wealth and the Lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The mind lives after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darkness depths of the fathomless
mine,
My tireless arm doth play:
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day,
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In the shops of busy trade:
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint:
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my things I put into print,
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay.
No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may "go and play."
While I manage this world myself.

But harness me down with your iron bands
Be sure of your curb and your rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As a tempest scorns a chain.

George W. Cutler, author of the above
poem, was an extraordinary man. He
led a company of volunteers to the war
with Mexico, and he came through the
terrible fight at Buena Vista with his
plumes unharmed and his body un-
wounded. He wrote "Buena Vista"
on the field after the battle. His "Song of
Steam" and his "Song of Lightning" are
among the works which adorn American
poetry. Yet he has no place in Bryant's Li-
brary of Poetry and Song, nor in Coate's
Fire-side Encyclopedia of Poetry, nor in
Dana's Household Book of Poetry.—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

At a meeting held in Richmond, Va.,
on Tuesday, July 5th, called to pass res-
olutions of sympathy with the President,
Governor Holliday said:

"When the weapon of the assassin is
aimed at him, it passes insidiously through
these hands and hearts, and we feel that
to this great crime, like to that of treason,
has been added an immediate personal
injury to each one of us. At such a time
the deepest depths of our patriotism are
aroused, and we are convinced as never
before how we and our country are one.
Party feeling is hushed; sections are for-
gotten; creeds become religion, and we
bow in humble acknowledgment and con-
fess that there is a God who rules over
nations as among men, and that next to
him in our allegiance there is an un-
divided and indivisible country—the source
of our safety, peace and joy."

The Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D., pastor
of the Presbyterian church, and who is
called the most eloquent preacher in the
South, spoke as follows:

The great calamity which now hushes
party clamor and rebukes sectional an-
imosity, and which by the fusion of a com-
mon sorrow welds us together, reminds us
of the way in which God in his providence
compels us to recognize the dependence
of man upon man, State upon State, and
nation upon nation.

A Child's Love.

A friend of ours is intimately acquaint-
ed in a family in which is a sweet, bright
little boy of some five years, between
whom and herself there has sprung up a
very tender friendship. One day she
said to him:

"Willie do you love me?"

"Yes indeed," he replied, with a cling-
ing kiss.

"How much?"

"Why, I love you—I love you—up to
the sky."

Just then his eye fell upon his mother.
Clinging his arms about her, and kissing
her passionately, he exclaimed: "But,
mamma, I love you way up to God."

Sacrifice is the law of being. It is a
mysterious and a fearful thing to observe
how all God's universe is built upon this
law, how it penetrates and pervades all
Nature, so that, if it were to cease, Na-
ture would cease to exist.—F. W. Rob-
ertson.

Do We Rest on the Sabbath?

Take the housemother in the country
or village community, who superintends,
if she does not do, all her household,
and at the same time keeps her family
well up in all their school and church
privileges. Not only that, but their
clothing must be as costly and as much
trimmed as any, and there must be an
extra preparation of food for the Sabbath
—extra not only in quantity, but in
quality.

The clean and fresh outfit for every
member of the family must pass through
mother's hands. The house must be put
in extra order if she intends to have a
comfortable day, and then it will be bad
enough by Monday morning. And such
a quantity of pie and cake as these boys
will make away with! Perhaps if they
were not indulged in it, they would not
want it; but then they are, and the Sab-
bath morning finds the over-worked mother
almost too weary to go to church; too
stupid and sleepy to listen if she does go;
very much inclined to wear a loose wrap-
per and rest at home. She sighs a little
regretfully as she thinks of the Sabbath
of her childhood and youth, when she
wondered why the very atmosphere of
the day seemed different from that of
other days—the skies more brilliantly
blue, the summer clouds whiter and more
graceful, the green of the fields and the
song of the birds sweeter than on any
other day of the week.

She wishes it would seem so now, not
realizing that it is because she lets the
cares of the week follow her into the Sab-
bath, and neglects to "lift the billet off
the embers," off those half-smothered
aesthetic tastes, which are not altogether
compatible with the work to which she is
condemned six days out of seven, and let
them blaze up to brighten her apprecia-
tion of the cheerful and beautiful in her
surroundings.

It is too true that, as cares increase,
we grow loth to get entirely out of the
sight and sound of our week-day avoca-
tions. We open the gate and enter the
peculiar field of Sabbath enjoyments, and
look into its quiet, sweetly-shaded walks
far enough to get some idea of the in-
effable calmness of that rest which shall
mark an eternal Sabbath; but we stand
too near the dividing fence to be fully
separated from the dusky walks of week-
day life. Half the time our hand is on
the gate our thoughts are turned in that
direction; we are thinking over the
achievements of the past week, or plan-
ning work of that to come; and the
moment the gathering darkness proclaims
that the day is done, we slip through
into the fields of "carking care" again.

I knew a good minister, whose Sabbath
commenced on Saturday evening, and
lasted till Monday's sunrise. He sadly
disliked to see a frivolous book, or paper,
or a heavy piece of work, in the hands
of his children on Saturday evening. No
lamp ever burned then in his study to
hurry up the preparations for the morning,
which he held it a sacred duty to make
early in the week. No one ever saw him
scampering up the aisle, elbowing the
people aside that he might get into his
place before the bell was done tolling,
and rising breathlessly in the pulpit to
offer the invocation, whilst wiping the
perspiration from a brow flushed with
the over-exertion of his tardy haste. He
was there soon after the sexton, love of
the day and love of the work glowing in
his face with a light we knew would
shine after he was done with earthly
Sabbaths.

The services were held in the old New
England fashion—two sermons, with a
short intermission. And one day a good
old deacon came, with his doughnuts in
his hand, to his pastor as he sat in the
pulpit waiting for the bell for afternoon
service, and complained thus:

"Mr. B., your sermon was excellent;
but don't you preach just a little bit over
our heads? You see, the weather is
warm, and I work hard all the week,
and I'm apt to get a little drowsy, and
lose myself once in awhile on Sunday;
and your sermons are so worked out that
when I wake up I can't take up the
thread, and the rest of the sermon is lost
to me. Can't you bring your preaching
down a little for such hard-working folk
as we?"

The puzzled preacher sat down to study
the problem of adapting his sermons to
the wants of sleepy pillars in the church.
The result was that he set their sins in
order before them. He told them they
broke the Sabbath by trying to crowd the
work of seven days into six. There is
no appointed secular labor for the Sab-
bath, and we are not required to make it
up either on Saturday or Monday. No
doubt many a person, especially the
housekeeper, breaks the Sabbath on Sat-
urday, by so overdoing as to be entirely
unfit to enjoy the day in a proper man-
ner.

Doubtless, tired mother, this is what
you have done; but you had better go to
church. The rest you will get there will
do you more good than you will be apt
to take at home. And then make up
your mind that you will carry the Sab-
bath through all the week. Begin on
Monday to discriminate between the real
and fictitious wants of your household.
Get as much of your work as you can
done before Saturday, so as to make that
day's work as light as possible, that you
may have strength on the Sabbath for the
full enjoyment of its privileges.

And carrying the thought of the Sab-
bath in your mind, instead of breaking it
on Saturday, you keep it in trust through
six days, to enjoy the seventh with as
full an appreciation as mortals can reach,
of the rest that remains for the people of
God.—N. Y. Evangelist.

BAPTISM OF A FORMER PRIEST.—Rev.
Dr. R. S. McArthur, pastor of the Cal-
vary Baptist Church of New York, re-
cently baptized Pastor C. A. Seguin of
the French Evangelical Catholic Church
here, and speaks in warm terms of his
usefulness. Mr. Seguin was formerly a
Roman Catholic priest in Canada.

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1810. 1881.
SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT
...OF THE...
HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, - \$1,250,000.00.

ABSTRACT OF STATEMENT JAN. 1st, 1881

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and Cash	
Items in hands of Agents and in	\$258,174.43
course of Transmission	225,637.91
Notes and Accrued Interest	25,933.03
Real Estate Unencumbered	641,175.60
Loans on Bond and Mortgage (1st	
lien)	736,800.00
Loans on Collateral Security	371,732.30
Bank Stock, Hartford, Marine Val-	
ue	370,516.00
Bank Stock, New York, Market	
Value	241,895.00
Bank Stock, Boston, Market Value	
Bank Stock, Albany & Montreal,	75,881.50
Market Value	
Railroad Stocks	77,892.50
State, City and Railroad Bonds	326,585.00
United States Bonds	283,456.00
	\$3,761,379.47

SUMMARY.

Cash Capital	1,250,000.00
Reserve for Re-insurance	1,189,217.01
All Outstanding Claims	144,224.76
NET SURPLUS OVER ALL	1,177,937.70
SURPLUS AS TO POLICY-HOLDERS	2,427,937.70

GEORGE L. CHASE, - President.
C. B. WHITING, - Secretary.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
A. P. FLINT, - Manager.

Miscellany.

Telling Fortunes.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad—
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with bows hanging
down
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some
brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door;
See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see the men threshing out wheat on the
floor—
And now the bright picture has passed.

And I see rising dimly up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fiery-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would
wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes they gape like the mouth
of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now
that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in
hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to
be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with
rags,
And he does not look much like a man, I am
sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and
snug,
And to be right side up with your dish,
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a
bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

—Alice Cary.

The Hopkins Golden Wedding.

A very interesting golden wedding
took place in St. Clair, Mich., on the
evening of the 4th of July. It was that
of Samuel F. Hopkins and Mary Ann
Keeney, for 50 years recognized as Mr.
and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, of St. Clair,
where they have resided since they
alighted there 50 years ago.

The wedding had been long antici-
pated, and preparations had been made
for guests from California and various
parts of the United States. Four sons
of the family, Messrs. Mark, Owen K.,
William S., Edward W. Hopkins, and
the widow of another son, Mr. Charles
Hopkins, ten grand-children, a bachelor
brother, Mr. Moses Hopkins—in all
twenty of the immediate family were
present, besides cousins and more dis-
tantly related representatives of the Hop-
kins family.

The presents from family friends were
of gold and diamonds, and selected with
true artistic taste.

The chief address had been printed in
German text and beautifully illuminated
initials, in a magnificent album with gold-
clasp, a present to the parents from their
sons, as a token of their love and
esteem. The album contained the photo-
graphs of both parents, the family coat-
of-arms and some interesting items of
family history.

The Rev. O. C. Thompson, the first
pastor of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins in St.
Clair, made an address from which we
make some extracts:

"The event which has brought us to-
gether this evening has given to the
world seven additional lives, with all
their responsibilities and enjoyments.

"But life, beautiful and full of mean-
ing as it is, is a fleeting treasure. Of
it we are admonished by the absence
of just one-third of the number who once
gathered around this hearthstone. Though
bodily absent, they are not forgotten, for
their lives were all honorable and useful;
we love to cherish their memory. If this
short life, with all its sorrows, is so worth
living, what must be that perfect and
everlasting life in which there is no sor-
row?"

"What changes have taken place
since fifty years ago you joined hands to
walk through life together; changes in
the natural world which compel us to feel
it is not at all the same world it was
then. Our country, whose genial gov-
ernment places no check upon thought,
and bids brain, muscle and skill to their
best, has overturned the old order of
things, and readjusted a broader and
better phase of life since you plighted
your faith at the altar. Then no rail-
road car offered you its cushioned seats
to make to make your wedding tour.
Steamboats were not in general use. It
was a week of years after you were mar-
ried that a steamboat first crossed the
Atlantic Ocean. Now, every body of
water which is navigable has its lines of
steamers. Steamships, models of beauty
and strength, copper-bottomed and iron
hulls, four and five hundred feet long,
cross and re-cross every ocean and sea
with ease and safety.

"You, sir, could not send to Mary Ann
your photograph, for Daguerre had not
then taught the sun to take pictures of
human faces. When you, madam, wrote
those loving epistles to Samuel, you
wrote them with a goose-quill pen, and
folded the paper, sealing it with a red
wafer, without any envelope, and sent it
by post, who, with a Canastota wagon
and six mules, was ten days going from
New York to Boston, with twenty-five
cents' postage for each letter, if the dis-
tance was four hundred miles, and ten
cents when it was less. That little pul-
sation of heart that you occasioned when,
to the gentle question of Samuel, you
said 'yes,' more than fifty years ago,
still beats, still lives, still responds, still
persistent in integrity, and will continue
so until its wave touches the shores of

eternity. Those were the times and this
the kind of people who marry for life.

"I remember well the call I made on
you here fifty years ago, when you had
been keeping house only three months,
when life was young and hope was
bright. Now that the toil and heat of
the day are over, in life's golden evening
we see you in a beautiful home, sur-
rounded with all the appointments of el-
egance and luxury. I dwell with pleas-
ure upon the many years of unbroken
friendship lying between, when you, sir,
at one end of the church, and I at the
other, endeavored to fill the places as-
signed to us, and though our paths have
since diverged, the ties then formed have
held fast, and even strengthened with
the lapsing years.

"Well, Michigan then was far from
being the Michigan of to-day. You de-
serve no little credit in breasting the dif-
ficulties of settling a new country, and
especially a territory so forbidding as
Michigan was then supposed to be. It
was called the land of swamps and mor-
asses by the timid souls who had not
courage to explore its resources. Fifty
years have developed more natural re-
sources of wealth in Michigan than is
possessed by any other State in the
Union, or in a like extent of territory
anywhere in the world.

"We hasten to a conclusion of thoughts
appropriate to this evening, by a brief
reference to the genealogy of the family.
Mrs. Hopkins was the only child of Asa-
hel and Theodosia Keeney. Mr. Kee-
ney, born in 1776, was the youngest
child of Alexander and Sarah Keeney, of
East Hartford, Conn. Theodosia Kee-
ney, whose maiden name was Woodruff,
was a descendant of the Curtis family;
her great-grandfather Keeney lived 107
years, and did a full day's work at reaping
in half a day's time, after he was 90
years old. Mr. Hopkins is the son of
Mark Hopkins, who was the son of Moses
Hopkins, who was the son of Samuel
Hopkins, the first pastor of the church in
Great Barrington, Mass. Now, this Sam-
uel Hopkins was a great and a good man.
He died at Newport, R. I., a hundred
years ago. In this Hopkins family may
be mentioned Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D.,
who was for so long a time President of
Williams College.

Mark Hopkins, too, of California, was
one of the remarkable men of the age.
By indomitable courage and persever-
ance he acquired a fortune, and periled
it all by a venture in giving to the
world the Transcontinental railroad; in
which all those qualities of cool thoughts
and never-flagging energy in overcoming
apparently insuperable obstacles were
fully called into requisition.

"Back of Samuel Hopkins, D.D.,
whose name will ever be cherished in
Great Barrington and Newport, was a
line of ancestry of which any one might
well be proud. The father of this Dr.
Samuel Hopkins was Timothy Hopkins.
The father of Timothy was one of the
eight children of John Hopkins. John
was one of the six children of Stephen
Hopkins, and Stephen was the only son
of John Hopkins, the father of the Hop-
kinses of America. He came from Cov-
entry, in England, and settled in Cam-
bridge, Mass., in 1634, only fourteen
years after the arrival of the Mayflowers.
Part of the family adhered to the Stuart,
and part went with Cromwell. In St.
Michael's church, Coventry, is still to be
seen the old tomb bearing the coat-of-
arms of the family. Even the old house,
built by Sir Richard Hopkins early in
1600, yet remains. Coventry was repre-
sented in the British parliament by some
one of the Hopkins family, nearly four
hundred years."

Ingersoll's Creed.

With this title some one sends us a
little tract, containing epigrammatic ex-
pressions from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's
latest lecture, "What must we do to be
saved?" We have read the tract and we
have read the entire lecture. If this is
truly Ingersoll's creed, the Colonel isn't
so far out of the way. He is coming
around, maybe. "He manages to get con-
siderable Scripture into his creed, as he
sets it forth. There is lots of hope, in
fact there is a great deal of certainty for
the Colonel. We subjoin a few articles
of this great man's creed, just to show
from what book he got his declaration of
faith.

"Honest industry is as good as pious
idleness," says the Colonel.

Well, that's all right. That's ortho-
dox. The Bible says the same thing,
and said it long before the Colonel thought
of it—"Faith without works is dead."

"Christ believed the temple of God to
be the heart of man,"—Ingersoll.

Yes, that's orthodox, too. We "must
worship him in the spirit." "Know ye
not that ye are the temple of the Holy
Ghost?"

"If I go to heaven I want to take my
reason with me,"—Ingersoll.

Of course, and so you will, "for now
we see through a glass, darkly; but then
face to face; now I know in part; but
then I shall know even as I am known."

—1 Corinthians xii. 12.

"Fear is a dagger with which hypoc-
rises assassinate the soul,"—Ingersoll.

That is good gospel, and "perfect love
casteth out fear."

"If I owe Smith ten dollars, and God
forgives me, that doesn't pay Smith,"—
Ingersoll.

Correct you are; the prayer of Chris-
tianity is "forgive us our debts as we for-
give our debtors." "Owe no man any-
thing."

"Reason is the light of the soul, and
if you haven't the right to follow it, what
have you the right to follow?"—Ingersoll.

children, but in understanding be men."

—1 Corinthians, xiv. 19, 20.

"If you go to hell it will be for not
practicing the virtues which the Sermon
on the Mount proclaims,"—Ingersoll.

That's all orthodox. "If ye know
these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

"The men who saw the miracles all
died long ago. I wasn't acquainted with
any of 'em,"—Ingersoll.

Same way with the men who saw Ser-
vetus burned. But the Colonel most
firmly believes that Servetus was burned.

"A little miracle now, right here—just
a little one—would do more toward the
advancement of Christianity than all he
preaching of the last thirty years,"—In-
gersoll.

"If they hear not Moses and the
prophets, neither will they be persuaded
though one rose from the dead,"—Luke
xvii. 31.

"If there is a God in the universe he
will not dam an honest man,"—Ingersoll.

"A false balance is an abomination un-
to the Lord; but a just weight is his de-
light,"—Proverbs xi. 1.

"There is only one true worship, and
that is the practice of justice,"—Ingersoll.

"Render therefore unto Caesar the
things which be Caesar's, and unto God
the things which be God's,"—Luke xx.
25.

"God will not damn a good citizen, a
good father, or a good friend,"—Ingersoll.

Certainly not, or any good man.

"A good man showeth favor, and lend-
eth; he will guide his affairs with discre-
tion. Surely, he shall not be moved for-
ever; the righteous shall be held in ever-
lasting remembrance,"—Psalms xxii. 5,
6.

"Study the religion of the body in
preference to the religion of the soul. A
healthy body will give a healthy mind,
and a healthy mind will destroy super-
stition,"—Ingersoll.

That explains why the Indians have no
superstitions.

"People who have the smallest souls,
make the most fuss about saving them,"
—Ingersoll.

Of course, Colonel: they are the hard-
est kind to save.

"I will never ask God to treat me any
fairer than I treat my fellow men,"—In-
gersoll.

Well, that's perfectly orthodox. "For
if ye forgive men their trespasses, your
heavenly Father will also forgive you;
but if ye forgive not men their trespas-
ses, neither will your Father forgive
your trespasses. For with what judg-
ment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and
with what measure ye mete, it shall be
measured to you."

"Upon the shadowy shore of death, the
sea of trouble casts no wave,"—Ingersoll.

The Colonel must have been singing
that good old hymn, "When I can read
my title clear," in which occur the lines:

"And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."
—R. J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawk-
eye.

Concerning the House We Live In.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to
excite astonishment; and hence it happens
that many know but little about "the house
we live in"—the human body. We look
upon the house from the outside, just as a
whole, as a unit, never thinking of the many
rooms, the curious passages, and the in-
genious internal arrangements of the house, or
of the wonderful structure of the man, the har-
mony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, at about the time of
maturity, are 165 bones.

The muscles are about 500 in number.

The length of the alimentary canal is about
33 feet.

The amount of blood in an adult averages
thirty pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire
weight.

The heart is six inches in length, and four
inches in diameter, and beats seventy times
per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800
times per day, 35,712,000 times per year,
2,465,440,000 times in three score and ten,
and at each beat, two and a half ounces of
blood are thrown out of it, and 175 ounces
per minute, 656 pounds per hour and 7½
tons per day. All the blood in the body
passes through the heart in three minutes.

This little organ by its ceaseless industry,
In the allotted span
The Psalmist gave to man,
Lifts the enormous weight of 370,700,300
tons.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of
air, at their usual degree of inflation. We
breathe on an average, 1,200 times per hour,
inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,480 gallons
per day. The aggregate surface of the air
cells of the lungs exceed 20,000 square inches,
an area very nearly equal to the floor of a
room 12 feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an
adult male is three pounds and eight
ounces, of a female, two pounds and four
ounces. The nerves are all connected with
it, directly or by the spinal marrow.

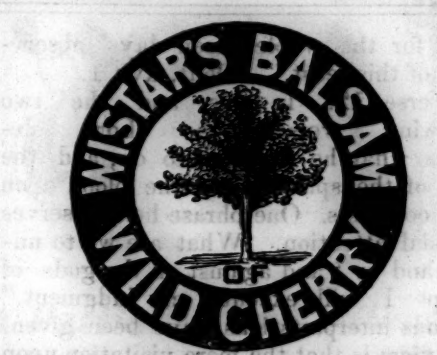
These nerves, together with their branches
and minute ramifications, probably exceed
10,000,000 in number, forming a "body
guard outnumbering by far the greatest army
ever marshalled.

The skin is composed of three layers, and
varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an
inch in thickness. Its average area in an
adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches.
The atmospheric pressure being about 14
pounds to the square inch, a person of
medium size is subjected to a pressure of
40,000 pounds! Pretty tight hug.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500
sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each
of which may be likened to a little draintile
one-fourth of an inch long, making an ag-
gregate length of the entire surface of the
body of 101,166 feet, or a tile ditch for drain-
ing the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager
to investigate the curious, to witness the
wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom,
let him not wander the wide world around to
seek them, but examine himself. "The
proper study of mankind is man,"—Selected.

The preciousness of little things was
never more beautifully expressed
than in the following: "Little words are
the sweetest to hear; little charities fly
the farthest and stay the longest on the
wing; little lakes are the stillest; little
hearts are the fullest; little farms are the
best tilled; little books are most read,
and little songs the most loved,"—Se-
lected.



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ers and the public generally, I have opened a
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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Summary.

Pacific Coast.

Saturday last the thermometer ranged from 104 to 110 degrees at Hanford.

According to the assessment roll the total assessed value of Benicia property is \$484,091.

All the Vallejo warehouses are full of wheat and nobody knows what is to be done with the new crops.

A. E. Davis emphatically denies that the South Pacific Coast R. R. has been sold to the Santa Fe or any other railroad.

Carpenters of Grass Valley were never more busy than now. Building is going on in every part of the town.—*Foothill Tidings.*

The Union claims that San Diego county has more miles of railroad than any county in the State. During the present year nearly 100 miles will be added, making about 250 miles in all.

Thrashing is now being done in this section for eleven cents a hundred, crews boarding themselves. Last season ranchers paid as high as twelve cents and added the men.—*Chico Enterprise.*

Lakeport Bee-Democrat: The numerous "crops of our town have had some very good luck on their deer hunts of late. Within a day or two last week a number of fine deer were brought into town by different parties.

Michael Henley, a well-to-do farmer, states that there are at this time a million pounds of flour in Rogue river valley unsold, and awaiting a market. New wheat is being cut, and the precursor of an immense crop is being taken to the mills this week.

The largest peaches of the season were placed upon our table the other day, by D. A. Shaw. They weighed nearly eight ounces each. Mr. Shaw states that his eight-year-old trees are bearing, this season, from 300 to 400 pounds each.—*San Bernardino Index.*

The San Francisco Journal of Commerce publishes a table showing that the total value of the leading Pacific coast productions annually marketed in San Francisco is \$67,439,000. The following are some of its estimates: Flour, \$3,000,000; wheat, \$22,800,000; barley, \$1,800,000; wool, \$10,000,000; fruits, \$1,500,000; wine, \$2,000,000; leather, \$1,300,000; lumber, shingles, etc., \$5,000,000; quicksilver, \$2,300,000; butter, \$2,600,000; cheese, \$1,500,000; eggs, \$1,000,000.

In 1870 Colorado only had a population of 39,864. Not a railroad had entered her borders. Its assessed valuation was only \$12,000,000, and her bullion yield per annum was \$3,375,000. Now the State is girdled by railroads. The population has swelled to 200,000. The state has an assessed valuation of \$74,000,000, and its bullion yield in 1880 was \$22,509,000, and for 1881 it is estimated at \$40,000,000.—*Leadville Herald.*

Eastern.

The first cotton bale of this season's growth was received at Galveston, Texas, July 9; it was sold for \$425, and forwarded to New York.

The New York Nation has been made the weekly edition of the Evening Post. It has therefore ceased to have a separate existence.

Mr. George I. Seney, the liberal banker, has given an average of \$1,000 a day for two and a half years, to educational and other institutions.

The National Sunday School Teacher says that three children in Chicago took it in their heads to give a concert for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home in that city, which resulted in securing \$1,000.

The Secretary of War has prohibited the use of tobacco by the cadets at West Point. The order created great dissatisfaction, as four-fifths of the cadets are tobacco-users.

A steamer sailing from Pittsburg, Pa., can carry a cargo to Fort Benton, Montana, 4,335 miles distant, without breaking bulk or passing under the American flag.

Some idea of the extended business of the six leading insurance companies of Hartford, Conn., may be inferred from the fact that their weekly postage is about \$1,000.

The laying of a new ocean cable will result in the reduction of the rates of telegraphic despatches to Europe, which after August 1, will be 25 cents a word, and press messages 12 1-2 cents.

The unprecedented heat in Cincinnati last month caused the death of 500 persons in six days. A fearful cyclone destroyed the city of New Ulm in Minnesota in a very few minutes. In many other places heat and storm were followed by sad disasters.

It is announced that the Sunday parade at West Point has been discontinued for the present. It is greatly to be hoped that the discontinuances will be permanent. There is no reason why it should not be. It is entirely unnecessary, and exerts a bad moral influence.

The N. Y. Legislature has passed the sensible law forbidding the sale or delivery of beer, wine, or spirits to children under 16 years of age, and makes it a misdemeanor to employ them as rascals, and forbids their attendance at theatres without relatives or guardians.

Opposite the residence formerly occupied by Gen. Warren, of Revolutionary fame, on Centre Street, Jamaica Plain, is a tree over 100 years old. An iron chain is embedded in the trunk, often used by Gen. Washington to tie his horse while visiting Gen. Warren.

Sunday-School Lesson for August 7th, 1881.

The Passover. Ex. xii: 1-14

By Rev. H. H. WIKOFF.

Golden Text—Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us.

CONNECTION.

We must keep in mind the great thought of this series of lessons. The deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt. All the previous lessons are steps to this. For this purpose God sent Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh, urging him to let the people go. The wicked king refused. As a final resort, seeing that entreaty would not avail, God was forced to bring more severe measures into use. He visited Pharaoh with plagues. One of these we had in the last lesson. Between that lesson and this there are eight more—the frogs, the lice, the flies, the murrain upon cattle, boils, hail, the locusts, darkness. But terrible as they were, they were not sufficient to accomplish the end desired. Pharaoh was moved; he partially yielded, but to completely surrender the people and their effects was not in accord with his views, so God visited the tenth and last plague upon him, the preparation for which we have in our lesson.

EXPLANATION.

Second verse. This month, Abib (or ear month): See Ex. xii: 4. Duet. xvi: 1. Equivalent to our March or April.

First month. Heretofore perhaps they had reckoned their year the same as did the Egyptians, beginning, probably, with the over-flowing of the Nile. Henceforth the month Abib was to be to them the beginning of months—the first of the year to them. New eras in reckoning have once and again commenced with some remarkable event in the history of a people. The Christians reckon time from the birth of Christ. The Mohammedans from the flight of Mohammed from Mecca. In the year 622 of our era.

Verse 3. "According to the house of their fathers." The children of Israel were divided into families—vii: 14-25. The fathers were the heads of the families.

Verse 4. If one family is not sufficiently large to eat the lamb, then two or three small families could unite. Or it may have been that some families were unusually large; if so, some of the members of such a family could unite with a small one.

Verse 5. The lamb to be offered was (a) without blemish; i. e. uninjured or without bodily fault. Lev. xii: 20; Mal. i: 14; (b) a male; (c) of the first year, or one year old.

From verse 27 it would seem that the lamb was intended as a sacrifice. As such its characteristics are especially worthy of note.

(A) Without blemish—symbolic of the "moral integrity of the person represented by the sacrifice."

(B) A male—"Taking the place of the male first-born of Israel."

(C) A year old—"Not until then had it reached the full, fresh vigor of its life."

Verse 6. The lamb to be kept from the truth to the fourteenth day. An interesting question: "Why was this?" It was God's way, and the "why" he has never revealed. Several conjectures, however, have been made; one is, the four days refer to the four generations in Egypt. Another "that the sight of the lamb might furnish an occasion for conversation respecting their deliverance from Egypt and the mercy of God, who had so graciously looked upon them."

The lamb to be killed in the evening by the whole assembly of the congregation, i. e. each family killing its own. Verse 7. The blood to be sprinkled with a hyssop-bush—verse 22 on either side and on the top of the door. The doorway stood for the house itself. Note that none on the threshold, though it is as much a part of the doorway as the lintel. Reason probably was that the blood might not be trampled under foot. The object of the smearing will be made known as we advance (verse 13).

Verses 8 and 9. Preparations of the lamb—not raw or under done. Danger that in haste they do not properly cook the lamb, hence this direction. Not soiled, etc., or boiled in water. Could not be cooked as a whole in this way, for they had no utensils sufficiently large. Besides in boiling the substance is somewhat dissolved. It was to be roasted that it might be placed upon the table undivided and essentially unchanged.

It was to be eaten with unleavened bread. Leaven "produces fermentation, and hence impurity, symbolic of moral corruption. With bitter herbs. Some translate this, and with good reason, "upon bitter herbs," giving the "bitter herbs" the force of being the basis and not merely an accompaniment of the meal. Thus rendered, the bitter herbs are symbolic of the bitterness of the life in Egypt, which "bitterness was to be overpowered by the sweet flesh of the lamb."

Verse 10. Rule was to have nothing remain; if anything should be left it should be burnt with fire, so that remains which considered sacred, should not be profaned by other hands.

Verse 11. With loins girded ready for flight. If ungirded the loose, flowing dresses would impede their progress. Shoes on your feet.—Sandals, like our hats, not worn in the house. Staff, etc.—we wear them now to be ready to flee, and perhaps to be better able to travel on the rough roads before them. Staff, etc.—Same ideas as above. It is the Lord's passover—This is the first usage of the word "passover," hence interesting to note its meaning. In the original the primitive idea is to limp or hop, hence to pass over, or pass by to spare. Thus, it is explained in the two following verses, "And when I see the blood, 'I will pass over you,' etc. Notice the different applications of the word in subsequent history. It is used for the lamb in verse

21: "for the whole seven days' observance of this feast." Deut. xvi: 1.

Verse 12. In this and the two following verses the Lord declares what he is about to do, and the need of the sprinkling of the blood upon the door posts. One phrase here deserves especial attention. What are we to understand by "and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute my judgment." Various interpretations have been given. One view is that the mere visitation upon the Egyptians was a judgment upon the gods of Egypt. Another is that since the gods were worshiped in their kings and in certain animals, the killing of these as recorded in verse 29, was a judgment upon Egypt's gods. Either one seems plausible.

Verse 13. The Israelites would escape, if upon their door posts was the blood.

Verse 14. This day was to be a memorial day. From that day the people observed the feast in commemoration of their deliverance from Egypt. Our Savior substituted for it the Lord's Supper, which to the Christian soul is a memorial of a greater sacrifice to deliver us from the bondage of sin and corruption.

LESSONS.

1. God's ways are not man's ways. Some might have thought this a strange mode of deliverance for the Almighty. Could he not have brought his people from Egypt in a much easier way? Thus we question Him to-day; remember that God knows best.

2. Deliverance depended upon fulfilling conditions. All of God's blessings are free, but he would have us use the proper means.

3. God's goodness should be remembered. Could the Israelites ever forget what he had done? Are we mindful that "every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights?"

4. Notice correspondence between this and our passover. Christ in golden text said to be our passover.

(a) Lamb without a blemish—In Christ was no sin.

(b) Sacrificed for deliverance of people. Christ bore our sins in his own body on the tree.

(c) The mere taking of life was not sufficient. The blood must be sprinkled upon each house. Christ not avail for us unless through faith each individual soul accepts His work.

Lesson for August 14, 1881.

By Rev. H. H. WIKOFF.

The Red Sea. Exod. xiv: 19-27.

CONNECTION.

According to the directions given in the last lesson the Passover was prepared and celebrated. At midnight God visited Egypt, smiting the first-born of the Egyptians "from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle." As a natural consequence there was great sorrow in Egypt; and not only this, but also fear. Pharaoh, if never before, was now convinced that Jehovah was to be feared. Consequently he granted the long sought for blessing, telling Moses and Aaron that they with the children of Israel might go and serve the Lord. Scarcely had they left, when the king regretted their departure. So many people—600,000, besides children—were a benefit to Egypt, and Pharaoh realized this. Forgetting what God had already done, the Egyptian king called forth his chariots and horsemen, and off they go to capture, if possible, the departed Israelites. By this time the latter had journeyed almost as far as the Red Sea. The route by Gaza of the Philistines would have been the most natural one. But the Philistines were a warlike people, and, lest the children of Israel might become discouraged by any encounters in war, God directed them to journey by the way of the Red Sea. It is on its shores, or at least very near them, that they were encamped, when lo, they beheld the Egyptians approaching. Terrified at the sight of their recent oppressors, they called aloud to Moses, "Better for us to serve the Egyptians than to die in the wilderness." But Moses was not disheartened. In obedience to God's directions to him, he commands the people to go forward. And here on the brink of the Red Sea our lesson finds them.

EXPLANATION.

Verse 19. The pillar of the cloud is first mentioned in xiii: 21, 22. There it would seem as if there were two pillars, one of cloud, another of fire. But in xiv: 24 it is evident that there was only one. What was its precise nature, no one can tell. Various conjectures have been made; the mind of man has fancied one thing and another. Let us admit it is beyond our knowledge. It is a mystery, just as the burning bush is. (Ex. iii: 2.) Now in this "cloudy pillar" was the angel of God. Note the fact that the angel of God or the angel of the Lord is often spoken of interchangeably with God, or the Lord. Compare Gen. xvi: 9-10; 13; Gen. xlii: 11-12; Ex. iii: 2-4; Ex. xiii: 21; and xiv: 19. The Lord to be two separate persons, and yet at the same time, equal, all of which leads the church to adopt, as the most plausible explanation, that which considers the angel of Jehovah as the second person of the Trinity, that is, "the word which became flesh and dwelt among us." This personage dwelling in the cloud changed his position, removing from before their face and going behind them.

Verse 20. He took his place between the camp of Egypt and that of Israel, and what seems strange to us is that the "cloudy pillar" was light to the Israelites, but darkness to the Egyptians. Such was the nature of God's manifestation that his own people looking were lighted; his enemies beholding saw nothing but darkness.

Verse 21. In obedience to God's command (verse 16) "Moses stretched out his hand over the sea." Why use Moses? Could not God have accomplished the same without him? Yes, but God generally uses agents to carry out his plans. Moreover, as the Israelites, when they first saw the Egyptians, began to distrust Moses, God may have used him to restore their confidence in him.

The sea—The Red Sea which separates Arabia from Africa—more correctly speaking, it was the north-western branch of that sea, called to-day the Gulf of Suez, and connected with the Mediterranean by the Suez canal. Just at what point the passage was effected, we cannot tell. The fact that the sea or gulf has receded since the crossing of the Israelites, renders it perhaps more difficult to determine the exact spot. There are almost as many theories as there have been explorers of the region. In one thing there is an agreement—that it was near the northernmost part.

How the passage was effected, our verse tells us. God caused an east wind to blow, dividing the waters. Some consider this an entirely natural phenomenon. For this it may be said:

1. It is an admitted fact that a strong wind is able to drive water before it.

2. This may have been at a time of low tide.

3. The ancient people of God were accustomed to attribute every natural event to the immediate agency of God, and hence it is spoken of as, "God caused the sea," etc.

Against this may be said:

1. The wind would naturally blow water all one way, hence no path with a wall on either side.

2. If natural, how did it happen that it blew just long enough to give the Israelites opportunity to escape, and turned its course just in time to completely destroy the Egyptian host?

The arguments against are to us greater than the arguments for. We look upon it as one of God's wonders—a miracle. The terms used to describe it, "God caused," "made the sea dry land," "divided the waters," "waters a wall unto them." These all go to show it was something more than a natural phenomenon. Then too, a similar event recorded in Josh. iii: 13-16-17, was evidently a miracle. If that, why not this? Also the reference in Josh. iv: 23, points the same way.

Verse 22. The pathway opened, the people passed over. On either side of them was a wall—a heaping of the waters as a protection (Josh. iii: 16). What a sight this must have been!

To get some idea of the greatness of this event, think of the multitude of Israelites. Ex. xii: 37, 38 tells us there were 600,000 men, on foot, i. e., those who could bear arms. From the numbering, soon after the crossing (Num. i: 46; iii: 39), we learn that there were 625,550 men. Adding to these the women and children, we may have nearly 2,000,000. Besides these, "a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle" (Ex. xii: 38). What a multitude! If their march was orderly, and we allow their ranks to have consisted each of one thousand, then the path would have been nearly, if not quite, one-half mile wide. Placing them thus, there would have been 2,000 ranks, and these three feet apart would have made a column nearly two miles long. Besides the above, were the cattle. With a path one-half mile wide it must have taken them the greater part of the night to have crossed.

Verse 23. The Egyptians follow on. Verse 24. The morning watch was probably somewhere between three and six o'clock. How God troubled them may be seen in Ps. lxxvii: 18, 19.

Verse 25. The wheels gave way so that driving was difficult. To the Egyptians, this seemed as if God was against them, so they began to flee. But it was too late.

Verse 26. Moses is again used as an instrumentality in God's hands. Verse 27. Complying with God's command, Moses saw the sea returning to its usual place, and the Egyptians perishing in the waters. What a contrast is Moses at the Red Sea with Moses before Pharaoh pleading for the children of Israel.

LESSONS.

1. God rules over nature. He commands the winds and the waves and they obey him. How foolish then for us to listen to those who say God cannot answer prayer. Nature may have her laws; but nature's God is above them all, and can so use them as to bless his children. "Ask and ye shall receive."

2. God's manifestations of himself are light to his own people, but darkness to those who are against him. The cloudy pillar was brightness to the Israelites; blackness and darkness to the Egyptians. Likewise is it to-day. The spiritually minded man can see brightness in God's truth; to the unconverted it is foolishness (1 Cor. ii: 14).

3. Israel's deliverance from bondage to freedom was effected by God. It was not the Israelites themselves, neither was it Moses, nor was it Aaron; but God who brought deliverance. The natural man is in the bondage of sin. "Whosoever cometheth sin is the servant of sin." The redeemed man rejoices in freedom. "If the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed." Now, who is the redeemer, man or God?

4. Notice the terrible consequences of resisting God's warnings. God showed goodness to Pharaoh in warning him of the danger in keeping his people. The king did not listen. Again God warned, and with the same result. Again, and again he warned, but Pharaoh only relented for a time. He pursues the Israelites and is finally overtaken with all his host. Is his experience different from thousands of others? God warns us. We do not heed. Finally we have to mourn over the consequences of our sin. While on the other hand—

5. Strict obedience to God brings its own reward with it. How blessed the Israelites! God has directed them. They have complied, and the result is they are safe beyond the power of the enemy. It is always so. "In the keeping there is great reward."

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